THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1810.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1. LUCIEN BONAPARTE.
2. London Fashionable WALKING and FULL DRESSES.
3. A New and elegant PATTERN for a TIPPET, &c. &c.

LONDON:

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our respected Correspondent, Miss Joanna Squire, will see that we have inserted the Pieces that were mislaid, and of which she was so obliging as to transmit us other Copies. We shall be obliged to this ingenious Lady for her future communications.

We are much obliged to Miss Mary of Coleshill, for her Poetical Packet. Her *Wish* shall appear in our next.

The Verses, on reading *Dr. Young's Night Thoughts*, are too incorrect for insertion, at least in their present state.

The *Union of Hearts*, inscribed to the Author of *Benedict*, by Miss Elizabeth Baxter, in our next.

THE

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

LUCIEN BONAPARTÉ.

[*With his Portrait elegantly engraved, from an undoubted Original.*]

LUCIEN BONAPARTÉ, the next younger brother to the Emperor Napoleon, was, like the rest of his family, born in Corsica, and, in 1790, an apprentice in Bastia, to a petty retail grocer; but soon after the revolution commenced, he found means to come to France, and joined, it is said, the infuriated bands of the Marseillese insurrectionists, who, on the 10th of August, 1793, took and plundered the castle of the Thuilleries, and murdered the Swiss Guards, after the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his family had been forced to leave their palace, and seek refuge in the national assembly.

In consequence of his zealous exertions in the democratic cause, Lucien was admitted a member in the clubs of the Jacobins and Cordeliers, who, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of September, assisted Marat's and Danton's patriots *to purge*, as their expressions were, the land of liberty of those aristocrats who were confined in the different prisons of Paris. He was also, it is said, one of Santerre's chosen men, who guarded the scaffold at the execution of the king. He afterwards became a favorite with Santerre's successor, Henriot, who appointed him one of the *gens-d'armes*, whose business it was, during the reign of Robespierre, to watch the imprisoned victims destined for destruction, and escort them, after a mock trial, to the guillotine.

After the execution of Robespierre, Lucien, fearing that vengeance would likewise be taken on him as one of his subaltern accomplices, fled from Paris to Nice, where his brother Napoleon was

then under arrest as a terrorist; and here they both continued till the general amnesty of the national convention for all revolutionary crimes, permitted them to return to Paris, the grand revolutionary theatre for mischief, intrigue, and ambition.

When Napoleon and Lucien went to Paris, in the spring of 1795, says the author of the French work, intitled, *La Sainte Famille*, (whose authority, however, can by no means be considered as unquestionable), such was their poverty, that they were obliged to make nearly the whole journey from Nice to Paris, seven hundred miles, on foot; and, when at Paris, they occupied together a miserable garret in the *Rue de Mouffetarde*, for fifty sous, (twenty-five pence), per week. In revolutionary times, and revolutionary countries, the distance is often the same from a garret to a throne, as from a throne to a scaffold.

By the connexion of Napoleon with Barras, Tallien, and Freron, Lucien obtained a place, with an annual salary of six hundred livres, (twenty-five pounds), as clerk to a store-keeper at St. Maxamin, in the south of France, where he married the daughter of an innkeeper, with whom he received, it is said, as a fortune, about a hundred louis-d'ors.

When Napoleon, by marrying the mistress of Barras, had been promoted to the rank of general, and obtained the command of the army of the interior, Lucien was appointed war-commissary at Antwerp; and when the victories of Napoleon had made him powerful, and the pillage of Italy enriched him, Lucien appeared in Paris in other company than that he had before frequented. The Directory, however, in 1797, did not grant him the place of secretary to the embassy at the Congress of Rastadt, for which, it is said, he had solicited.

The revolution of the 4th of September, 1797, made the Jacobine faction again powerful, and, by it's influence, Lucien was, in 1798, elected a member of the Council of Five Hundred. During the absence of Napoleon, in Egypt, Lucien associated only with Jacobins, professed only their principles, and acted in every thing, and on all occasions, as one of their accomplices, and, when a new Jacobine club was instituted in the summer of 1799 he was chosen one of it's first presidents.

The return of Napoleon fro[m] Egypt, to France, neither chang[-]ed Lucien's language nor his behaviour; he was, therefore, nominated president of the Council of Five Hundred; but, at the revolution of the 18th of *Brumaire*, he appeared to have deserted the Jacobines, and lent his aid to the aggrandisement of his brother; since, it is said, that, on that day, the presence of mind of Lucien was greater than the courage of Napoleon, who, for a moment, appeared to hesitate; but Lucien called out to the grenadiers who attended his brother—'Will you desert your general.'

Some time after the battle of Marengo, Lucien went as ambassador to Spain, where he added considerably to the fortune he had before found the means of acquiring; and, after the peace with England, he was made a senator, and one of the grand officers of the legion of honor; but he appears uniformly to have re-

ained his republican principles, ind to have refused any kind of overeign honors which Napoleon ppears to be so anxious to betow on the members of his family.

' So far, indeed, has he been from accepting them, that he has lately left Italy, where he resided as a private individual in the neighbourhood of Rome, because, as it is reported, his brother had insisted on his divorcing his wife, marrying a princess he should select for him, and assuming the title of sovereign of Rome. To avoid this, he embarked at Civita Vecchia, with his wife and family, for America, but came to Cagliari, in Sardinia, where he discovered himself to the English mbassador, and threw himself to the protection of England. After some consideration, it was hought proper to treat him as a kind of honorable prisoner, and send him to Malta, where he has lately arrived, which is all that is at present known with certainty relative to this very extraordinary occurrence.

Lucien may be now deemed safe; and so long as he lives, will be a standing obloquy to Bonapartè; a kind of example adduced in argument to prove, not only his barbarity, but the notion which, in spite of all his slanders, even his family entertain the honor and humanity of the British nation. If he vilifies our councils as perfidious and tyrannical—' What thought your brother Lucien of the comparative merits of the two governments?' must immediately tingle in his ears. If he prophesies our downfal — ' Your brother Lucien ventured to trust his person to our conservation, and to entwine his safety in ours: he thought we should endure as long as he would, and he may probably last as long as you.' These, therefore are additional reasons for using this man well, or rather for not using him at all, but suffering him to be free as air. His flight to us does us a service in the world's estimation, and his abode among us, if he pleases, can occasion no harm.

On the Character *of the* Spaniards.

AS every thing relative to the Spanish nation, now so bravely contending for it's liberty with a treacherous and ferocious invader cannot but be acceptable, the following observations on the characteristic difference of the inhabitants of the several provinces, extracted from a Spanish work intitled, *Cartas Marruccas*, or, *Moorish Letters*, which, it is believed, has never been translated into English, will, no doubt, be acceptable to our readers.

' In Spain there is an incredible variety in the character of the inhabitants of the different provinces. This peninsula having been divided for so many ages into different kingdoms, they have always retained a great diversity of laws, customs, dialects, and modes of dress. An Andalusian in nothing resembles a Biscayan; while a native of Catalonia is wholly distinct from a Galician, as those of Valencia from the Asturians or Montaneses.

' The Cantabrians, under which name may be included all who speak the dialect of Biscay, are a people of very simple manners, and of great honesty. They were

among the earliest navigators known in Europe, and have always maintained the reputation of being excellent seamen. Their country, although extremely mountainous and rugged, contains a numerous population, which does not appear to be diminished by the numbers which are constantly emigrating to South America. A native of Biscay, although he may go to another country, never ceases to feel a strong attachment towards his own; and this always manifests itself when he happens to meet with a countryman at a distance from home. There exists among them such a degree of national partiality, that, in their eyes, the greatest recommendation any one can possess is his having been born a Biscayan; and a great man, in his distribution of his favors among his countrymen, is guided only by the consideration of their respective birth-places being more or less contiguous to his own. The principality of Biscay, Guipuzcoa, Alava, and the kingdom of Navarre, maintain among themselves so close an alliance, that they have been styled the united provinces of Spain.

'The inhabitants of the province of Asturias value themselves highly upon their descent, and on the glory which their ancestors acquired in the re-conquest of Spain from the Moors. A population too great for the confined and indigent country which it inhabits, occasions numbers to seek employment in Madrid, where they are generally found in the class of inferior servants; so that it has been remarked, that an Asturian gentleman, residing in that city, would require to be very careful in examining to see that there were none of his relations among his grooms or footmen; or, otherwise, he might some day have the mortification of finding one of his cousins rubbing down his horse, or his uncle blacking his shoes. Notwithstanding this, however, many families of this province live in an elegant and splendid manner, are worthy of the highest respect, and among them are to be found officers of exalted merit, both in the army and navy.

'The Galicians, amidst the poverty of their country, are robust and vigorous. They are found dispersed all over Spain, engaged in the most fatiguing labors, which, as they are more profitable, they prefer to those of an easier description. For soldiers, although perhaps something inferior in external appearance, they are admirably qualified by their habits of subordination, strength of body, and ability to sustain privations and fatigue.

'The Castilians, of all the natives of Spain, have shown themselves most attached to their sovereigns. When the army of Philip V. was completely destroyed in the battle of Saragossa, the province of Soria alone furnished him with another, fresh and numerous, with which he again took the field; and it was it that gained those victories, the result of which was the total destruction of the Austrian party. The natives of this province still retain a certain haughtiness of manner, the remains of their antient grandeur, which is now only to be looked for in the ruins of their cities, and in the honor and integrity by which their character is still distinguished.

'Estremadura gave birth to the

conquerors of the new world, and has always continued to produce many distinguished warriors. It's inhabitants are not much inclined to the cultivation of learning, but those of them who have applied themselves to such pursuits have not attained less celebrity in letters than it's soldiers have acquired in arms.

'The Andalusians, born and brought up in a country warm, abundant, and delicious, have the character of being somewhat arrogant and assuming; but if this reproach be just, it ought to be attributed to their ardent climate, the powerful influence of which on the moral character is so well known. The advantages which nature has so liberally bestowed upon their country make them regard with contempt the poverty of Galicia, the ruggedness of Biscay, and the barrenness of Castile. Their province, however, has at different times given birth to men who have done honor to their country and to human nature; and when we reflect that Trajan and Seneca are to be reckoned among these, we may be inclined in some degree to overlook the vanity of a people whose country has produced such men. In beauty, vivacity, and acuteness, the Andalusian women are superior to all others: they are possessed of great address, together with such a turn for intrigue, that a Moor of rank, who had resided some time in Seville, declared that he considered one of them sufficient to set the whole empire of Morocco in a flame.

'The Murcians partake of the character of the Andalusians and Valensians. These last are generally considered as a light and frivolous people; but however general this prejudice may be, it must be observed, that among the Valencians of the present century, the cultivation of learning and science has been more attended to, and with greater success, than in any other part of Spain.

'The natives of Catalonia are the most industrious people in the Peninsula. Manufactures, fisheries and commerce are things hardly known to the inhabitants of the other provinces, when compared with the Catalonians. They are not only useful from their industry in peace, but are also of the greatest service in war, forming light troops of most excellent quality. They possess founderies of cannon, factories of arms, clothing, and accoutrements for the troops; and warlike stores and provisions of all sorts abound in this province. The country is well cultivated, while it's population is continually increasing in wealth and numbers; in short, the Catalonians appear to be a people as completely distinct from those of Galicia, Andalusia, or Castile, as if they were inhabitants of another part of the globe. Their disposition, however, is rather intractable; and, from their applying themselves continually to the advancement of their interest, they have acquired the name of the Jews of Spain. We may predict that this province will continue to flourish while the inhabitants remain as much strangers to luxury as they are at present, and to the folly of ennobling their artisans, two evils which have always proved destructive of industry in Spain.

'The Arragonese are a brave and honorable people, tenacious

of their opinions, much attached to their province, and much prejudiced in favor of their own countrymen. In former times they cultivated the sciences with success, and acquired much glory in arms against the French in Italy, and the Moors in Spain. This province, like the rest of the Peninsula, was anciently very populous; and it is a common tradition among them, that on the marriage of one of their kings, he was attended to Saragossa by ten thousand gentlemen, each one with his servant; the whole twenty thousand mounted on horses of the breed of the province.

'The long period during which the different provinces of this kingdom were divided, and often engaged in war with each other—their speaking different dialects, and being governed by different laws—naturally induced a certain degree of dislike and animosity between their inhabitants, which, although now much diminished, is not yet wholly eradicated; and if in time of peace, this may be regretted as forming an obstacle to that union which should subsist between the different parts of an empire, it is not without it's attendant advantage in war, by the mutual emulation which it inspires. An Arragonese regiment will not look with indifference on the glory acquired by one of Castile; and a ship of war, with a crew of Biscayans, will never surrender while another continues to defend herself which is manned with Catalonians.'

LONDON FASHIONS.

1. FULL DRESS. Gown of white sarcenet, enriched round the bottom with a Grecian border in gold; the body and sleeves are of pink satin: the latter are made open in the front, and confined at top and bottom by gold clasps; the stomacher of white satin, hussared across with blue silk cord. The head ornaments are of pearl, with a Chinese rose in front; the hair in full curls round the face, and hanging in ringlets from behind; neck chain and bracelets composed of double rows of pearl; ridicule of pink satin, netted over with blue silk. Shoes and gloves the color of the body.

2. Walking Dress. A pelisse of white and yellow shot silk, gathered together in the front, and fastened together by a large sapphire broach, buttoned up the front, and trimmed round the bottom with broad white lace. The gown of white India muslin, made high in the neck, with an erect lace collar; ermine fur tippet. Head-dress, French lace cap, and white chip hat, with a sprig of myrtle; plain gold ear-rings. Shoes and gloves to correspond with the pelisse. Parasol of blue silk.

WHAT MIGHT BE.

A TALE.

BY MARGARET B.

[*Continued from* p. 396.]

WHEN they came down stairs to the dining-room, they found the company assembled. Sir Henry welcomed them with the most fascinating politeness, and introduced them to Sir Frederick as his near neighbours. Lady Fitz-Allan sat at the head of the table, and Montgomery saw, with mingled emotions of displeasure and surprise, his sister take her seat towards the middle.

Sir Frederick's right-hand neighbour was a beautiful sprightly girl of twenty, who rallied him most unmercifully on the loverlike looks Miss Spencer sent across the table to him. Sir Frederick could hardly forbear laughing at the grotesque figure that lady made: her dress was that of barely sixteen, and her hair was dressed in the extremity of the fashion. She was highly rouged, which formed a striking contrast to her ochre skin, which was bare over the shoulders. She tried to relax her sour features into a smile, but unfortunately it degenerated into a grin. She giggled with all the impertinence of a girl, and displayed airs that would hardly have been bearable at twenty, but at forty were most disgusting. She sat beside a young man just returned from college. The poor student evidently sat upon thorns, and would gladly have exchanged Miss Spencer for his Greek and Latin, dry as they were. Miss Spencer was very loquacious and attentive to the youth, whose laconic answers to her civility nearly overturned the risible faculties of the company. Glad was the poor student when the ladies withdrew, and along with them his tormentor.

The ladies amused themselves in the best way they could; some with cards, some with music, and others with conversation. At last the wished-for moment arrived, when the door was thrown open, and the gentlemen entered. Sir Frederick immediately attached himself to Miss O'Connor, the young lady he had sat beside at dinner. She, along with Miss Spencer and the rest of the young ladies, was of the music-party, and most of the gentlemen assembled round the piano; but the student no sooner saw the starch phiz of Miss Spencer, than he walked as fast as possible to the other end of the room. Agnes, at the request of her brother, sung a song in the sweetest strain. Miss O'Connor next took her seat, and sung several beautiful airs with much taste and expression. The rest of the young ladies followed their example, and none was left but Miss Spencer.

'Will you have the goodness to favor us with a song?' asked Sir Frederick.

'I don't play on the piano;' replied the lady, 'nor, indeed, upon any instrument.'

'But you sing most charmingly!' said Sir Henry.

'O, you flatterer,' lisped Miss Spencer, with an affected smile; 'but the voice sounds so harsh without an accompaniment.'

Do sing, Miss Spencer, do sing, echoed from the whole group.

'If Sir Henry will accompany me with his voice I shall try, though I am a very bad singer.'

'We will not believe that, Miss Spencer,' said Sir Frederick, 'it is only your modesty that makes you think so diffidently of your own powers.'

Miss Spencer nodded, smiled most graciously, and began her song; Sir Henry accompanied her as well as he was able, but her voice rose to such a shrill squeak at times, and at others sunk almost to a bray, that he was for for ever out of time. At the end of the verse Miss Spencer introduced a chorus, Tit, tit, tit. Sir Henry imagined she had forgotten the words, and was silent till she began the second verse, at the end of which the same tit, tit, tit, was repeated. Sir Henry, scarcely able to contain himself, looked at Sir Frederick, and repeated tit, tit, tit; the effect was irresistible, the party trembled on their seats, and another tit, tit, would have set them in a roar. Dreading the effect of the next chorus, they sat with their eyes bent on the ground, lest, in encountering the glance of each other, they should lose all command of themselves. Miss Spencer went on in high glee, and soon arrived at tit, tit: Sir Henry, who knew this to be the last verse, lengthened the chorus most unmercifully, and titted away, till the party, unable longer to contain themselves, rose, and repaired to the other end of the room, leaving Sir Henry and Miss Spencer titting to each other.

'I hope you have been amused,' said the dowager—No other answer was returned than an immoderate burst of laughter. The dowager stared, and so did the whole card-party, while the young people, every time they looked at each other, burst into a fresh fit of laughter. The dowager guessed the source of their mirth, and, taking up the cards, handed them to the lady next her, saying—'Mrs. Barrymore, the deal is yours.' The cards were dealt, and the laughing party were soon forgot in a *sans prendre* vole in hearts; and matadores. Sir Henry and Miss Spencer approached the merry group. 'For heaven's sake,' said Sir Frederick, in a low voice, 'behave well.'—'Tit, tit, tit,' replied Miss O'Connor;' the words had the effect of magic, not one could articulate a single syllable. Sir Frederick arose, and would have said, 'there is a chair, Miss Spencer;' but, afraid to trust himself to words, he contented himself with a bow, and took his station at the back of Miss O'Connor's chair.

'I cannot think of depriving you of your seat, Sir Frederick,' said Miss Spencer; 'I am sure Miss O'Connor and I would make room for you between us.'

The young student, attracted by the tit, tit, had drawn near the musical party, and had continued, notwithstanding Miss Spencer sat opposite to him.

'Perhaps Mr. O'Kelly will take the seat you so kindly offer,' said Sir Frederick.

'I am much obliged to you,' replied the student, 'but I am not in the least tired;' and he then retreated back to the card-table as fast as he could, and did not leave it again the whole evening. Sir Henry laughed, and, in his laugh, introduced tit, tit, tit. Lady Fitz-Allan cast a glance of displeasure upon her son, and the tit, tit was immediately dropped.

After supper Miss Spencer was again called on to sing her song; but Sir Henry, perceiving the anger that sat upon his mother's countenance, forbore to press it farther.

Sir Frederick had been a fortnight at Killarney Castle, and had often strayed near the cottage, but had never caught a second view of the lovely inhabitant. The words of Sir Henry had sunk deep in his memory, and, in spite of himself, he could not altogether disbelieve them. Sir Henry had spoken in a tone that seemed to indicate a certainty of his assertions. 'Why should I doubt his words?' sighed Sir Frederick; 'a fair exterior does not always accompany as fair an interior. Alas! I have had sufficient proofs of that; yet, by what right dare I judge of a fellow creature? Sir Henry may have been deceived.' Sir Frederick was willing to believe so, and strayed out alone with his dog and gun. His footsteps involuntarily took the path to the cottage; he advanced almost close to it, when the shrubs suddenly opening on one side, discovered a little stream of water dashing down a rough green bank in an irregular winding manner, and finely diversified by the clods of turf, and stems of brush-wood that resisted it's current. A seat on the opposite side of the walk seemed to invite him to sit down, and contemplate the beauties of the scene. He accepted it's invitation, and resting the but-end of his gun on the ground, and raising his hand to the muzzle, he leaned forward to examine the water-fall. He had not continued long in this posture, when he heard the sounds of a harp, accompanied by a female voice. The air was simple and pathetic in the highest degree, and, though he could not distinguish the words, the melancholy cadence with which they were uttered, co-operating with the beauty of the scene, had a strange effect upon him; for his constitution was naturally warm, and his feelings were always awake to music. The sounds presently ceasing, broke the chain of romantic ideas they had inspired. That it was the beauteous cottager whose harmonious voice he had just heard, he had not the least doubt, and, obeying the impulse of a moment, he laid down his gun, and entered the cottage. The apartment he entered he well remembered; the harp lay upon a couch, but the fair musician had disappeared. A book lay upon the table, Sir Frederick took it up, it was the Man of Feeling, and open at the part where Harley confesses his love to Miss Walton, and then dies in her arms. The passage affected Sir Frederick, and it seemed to have affected some one else, for he saw a tear upon the page. He concluded that the reader had thrown down the book in a fit of enthusiasm, perhaps struck with the beautiful combination of sounds he had just heard. He had scarcely replaced the book, when the door opened, and a figure entered, who might have been taken for a celestial being. A robe of the purest texture fell in graceful folds over exquisitely-formed limbs; her golden tresses parted in the centre of her polished forehead, and waved in wanton ringlets on her peach-blossomed cheeks; her rose-bud lips, half open, displayed a set of teeth pure and even as ivory; her

long silken eye-lashes softened, but did not obscure the brilliancy of her full melting blue eyes.

Sir Frederick's admiration exceeded all bounds; he hardly could refrain from prostrating himself at her feet, and worshiping her as an angel of light. The lady lifted her eyes, and started back on seeing Sir Frederick, who immediately advanced, and, taking her hand, said, in the softest accents, 'You will pardon me for thus obtruding myself on your privacy; the sweet sounds of your voice acted upon my enraptured fancy like magic, and drew me irresistibly into the presence of the enchantress.'

'I did not think I was overheard,' said the lady; 'but, tell me, did you experience any hurt by your fall?'

'Ah! can you ask the question?' returned Sir Frederick. 'Who could gaze with safety on your matchless charms?'

The lady blushed. 'If you begin to compliment I must leave you; I hate flattery.'

'I did not flatter,' rejoined Sir Frederick, warmly; 'I spoke my real sentiments.'

'Well, I will believe you,' interrupted the lady; 'but let us have done with this conversation. Have you been long in this part of the country?'

'About a fortnight,' returned Sir Frederick. 'I came over on a visit to my sister, the young Lady Fitz-Allan.'

'Lady Fitz-Allan!' repeated the lady. 'Did you say Lady Fitz-Allan is a sister of yours?'

'Yes,' replied Sir Frederick, surprised. 'What is there to astonish you in that?'

'Astonish me! Oh, no! what is there to astonish me in that?'

'Sir Henry has been right,' mentally said Sir Frederick; 'her agitation convinces me of the truth. She knows that he knows what she is, and, fearful of detection, she shrinks even at the name of Fitz-Allan.'

'Are you acquainted with Sir Henry?' asked Sir Frederick, fixing his eyes stedfastly upon her.

The lady shrunk from his gaze; the paleness of her face gave way to the deepest crimson.

Sir Frederick sighed at this undoubted proof of her guilt, and inwardly accused himself of cruelty, in asking a question that put her in such agitation.

'Oh, leave me! leave me!' exclaimed she, bursting into tears, 'I see you know all; but in a short time the miserable guilty Maria will find in the grave that rest and peace the world denied her.'

'Heavens!' exclaimed Sir Frederick, 'What have I done? monster that I am to afflict you thus.'

'Oh, no,' cried the beautiful mourner, 'I deserve it all, and much more. I am an infamous wretch, and deserve to be shunned by every good and virtuous person. Leave me, leave me, I will fly far as the earth can hide me, from the presence of my destroyer. Oh, my God! my God!'

In an agony of tears she arose, and rushed from the room. Sir Frederick remained transfixed to the spot; her tears pierced the inmost recesses of his soul; he abhorred himself as the cause of her distress; dejectedly he left the cottage, and, with lingering steps, retrod th green path that led him from the abode of the penitent beauty, often turning his

head on the windows with the fruitless hope of seeing the miserable inhabitant.

When he reached the castle, he found letters from his mother and sister, informing him of their having arrived in London, and that they expected him to join them soon. Having disclosed their purport to Sir Henry and Agnes, he said he would leave them the next day, as he had promised to join his mother whenever she went to town.

'You have made a very short stay in Ireland,' said Sir Henry; 'could we not prevail on you to lengthen it a little longer?'

'Do stay, Frederick,' said Agnes, taking his hand.

'My dear friends,' replied he, 'I would most willingly stay if it depended on myself; but when it is my mother who wishes my absence, I cannot think of gratifying my own feelings at the expence of hers; but I hope I shall soon see you both at the hall, where you may depend on a hearty welcome.'

'I thank you,' replied Sir Henry, 'but I am afraid it will be a long time ere I can have that pleasure. My mother is growing very infirm, and, like you, I should not like to do any thing that would pain her, as I know my leaving Killarney would.'

The remainder of that day Sir Frederick devoted to calling upon the families he had been introduced to, and the next morning, by eight o'clock, he bade adieu to Killarney. The cottage was visible from the high-way; the door and windows were closed; he thought he beheld one of the shutters half opened, and a face make it's appearance. Obeying the impulse of a friend, he opened the door of the carriage, and sprung out. 'Good heavens!' he exclaimed, 'what am I doing? what folly am I committing? by what right dare I intrude, at such an unseasonable hour, and upon one, too, I so cruelly agitated?' He threw himself into the carriage, and soon left the cottage and it's beautiful, but wretched mistress, far behind.

[*To be continued.*]

DESCRIPTION *of the* CITY *of* CALCUTTA, *in the* EAST INDIES.

(From Lord Valentia's Travels.)

THE town of Calcutta is, at present, well worthy of being the seat of our eastern government, both from it's size, and from the magnificent buildings which decorated the part of it inhabited by Europeans. The citadel of Fort William, commenced by Lord Clive, immediately after the battle of Plassey, is a very fine work, but greatly too large for defence. The esplanade leaves a grand opening, on the edge of which is placed the new government house, erected by Lord Wellesley, a noble structure, although not without faults in the architecture; and, upon the whole, not unworthy of it's destination. The sums expended upon it have been considered as extravagant by those who carry European ideas and European œconomy into Asia; but they ought to remember, that India is a country of splendor, of extravagance, and of outward appearances; that the head of a

mighty empire ought to conform himself to the prejudices of the country he rules over, and that the British, in particular, ought to emulate the splendid works of the princes of the house of Timour, lest it should be supposed that we merit the reproach which our great rivals, the French, have ever cast upon us, of being alone influenced by a sordid mercantile spirit. In short, I wish India to be ruled from a palace, not from a country-house; with the ideas of a prince, not with those of a retail dealer in muslins and indigo.

On a line with this edifice is a range of excellent houses, *chunammed* and ornamented with verandahs. Chouringæ, an entire village of palaces, runs for a considerable length, at right angles with it, and altogether forms the finest view I ever beheld in any city. The Black Town is as complete a contrast to this as can well be conceived; it's streets are narrow and dirty; the houses of two stories, occasionally brick, but generally mud, and thatched, perfectly resembling the cabins of the poorest class in Ireland.

Twenty years ago, during a famine, the population of Calcutta was estimated at 500,000, I have little doubt that it now amounts to 700,000. The most remarkable sight I ever beheld was the throng that fills these streets. I drove for three miles through them, without finding a single opening, except what was made by the servants preceding the carriage. The Strand, in London, exhibits nothing equal to it, for the middle here is as much crowded as the sides. In the year 1742, the Mahratta ditch was commenced, to protect the inhabitants from the incursions of that power, then ravaging the whole of Bengal, and besieging Aliverdi Khan in his capital of Moorshadabad. It was intended to surround the whole of our territories, a circumference, at that time, of not more than seven miles; yet now it scarcely forms the boundary of this capital of our eastern possessions. The first fort was erected here in 1696, Our factories were then at Hoogley, but were moved two years afterwards. The little fort which fell through the cowardice of it's governor, and the want of military knowlege in the remaining officers, into the hands of Seraja-ud-Dowlah, in 1757, is now used as a custom-house; and that spot which could then hold our trade, our military stores, and a great part of the inhabitants, is now too small for the convenience of our revenue-officers. The black-hole is now part of a godown, or warehouse; it was filled with goods, and I could not see it. A monument is erected, facing the gate, to the memory of the unfortunate persons who there perished. It also records the infamy of those who, by removing their ships from the vicinity of the fort, left so many brave men to the mercy of a madman.

The air of Calcutta is much affected by the closeness of the jungle around it. The natives have formed a complete belt, which commences near the town, and extends, in every direction, full four miles deep. This is planted with fruit trees, and is completely impervious to the air. The country is a perfect flat, every where intersected by nullahs, and here and there a small lake, rendering the plantation more insalubrious.

Lord Wellesley has made one or two wide roads through the middle, which, I am informed, has sensibly improved the atmosphere. More ought to be made, and, if possible, the marshes should be drained; this would improve the roads, which, in general, are very bad, impeding the conveyance of provisions to market. The place is certainly less unhealthy than formerly, which advantage is attributed to the filling up of the tanks in the streets, and the clearing more and more of the jungle; but, in my opinion, it is much more owing to an improved knowlege of the diseases of the country, and of the precautions to be taken against them; and likewise to greater temperance in the use of spirituous liquors, and a superior construction of the houses. Consumptions are very frequent among the ladies, which I attribute, in a great measure, to their incessant dancing, even during the hottest weather. After such vehement exercise, they go into the verandahs, and expose themselves to a cool breeze and damp atmosphere.

A quay has lately been formed in front of the custom-house, and promises to be a great improvement. Many objections have been made to it's erection, probably by interested persons. It is asserted that vessels cannot lie close to it with safety, as a northwester, or gale from any quarter, may drive them against it; but it is obvious that the same force would drive them on shore, were the quay out of the way. The expence of unshipping the ladings was enormous, and will be completely obviated, if the plan of embankment is carried the whole length of the town. This is now in agitation, and, I hope, will be resolved upon. It has been said, that sand will accumulate against it, which seems to me an extraordinary idea, since I conceive the current will not fail to keep it clear, and that the only danger is of it's being undermined. An extension of the custom-house itself, and of it's establishment, will soon be necessary; at present the delay is considerable, from the vast increase of traffic.

Since I left Calcutta, in March, the iron rails round the government-house have been finished. The space now to be cleared will certainly have a noble effect, and the writer's buildings being newly repaired, form a good object from the end of the street that leads from the northern front. These buildings would have been bought by government, for the purpose their name imports, but too much money was asked for them.

The society of Calcutta is numerous and gay; the fêtes given by the governor-general, are frequent, splendid, and well arranged. The chief justice, the members of council, and Sir Henry Russell, each open their houses once a week for the reception of those who have had the pleasure of being presented to them. Independently of these, hardly a day passes, particularly during the cool season, without several large dinner-parties being formed, consisting generally of thirty or forty. The convivial hospitality which prevails on these occasions, would render them extremely pleasant, were they more limited; but a small and quiet party seems unknown to Calcutta. A subscription assembly also exists, but seems unfashionable;

it is, however, the only place of public amusement, and I see no hopes of any other being established, for the fashionable world of Calcutta is unfortunately so divided into parties, that it is improbable any plan of public amusement could be brought forward which would not meet with opposition.

It is usual in Calcutta to rise early, in order to enjoy the cool air of the morning, which is particularly pleasant before sun-rise. At twelve they take a hot-meal, which they call *tiffing*, and then generally go to bed for two or three hours. The dinner hour is commonly between seven and eight, which is certainly too late in this hot climate, as it prevents an evening ride at the proper time, and keeps them up till midnight, or later. The viands are excellent, and served in great profusion, to the no small satisfaction of the birds and beasts of prey, to whose share a considerable proportion of the remains falls; for the lower order of the Portuguese, to whom they would be serviceable, cannot consume the whole, and the religious prejudices of the native servants, prevent them from touching any thing that is not dressed by their own cast. To this circumstance is to be attributed the amazing flocks of crows and kites, which, undisturbed by man, live together in amicable society, and almost cover the houses and gardens. In their profession of scavengers, the kites and crows are assisted, during the day, by the adjutant bird, and, at night, by foxes, jackalls, and hyænas, from the neighbouring jungles. The wines chiefly drank are Madeira and claret; the former, which is excellent during the meal, the latter afterwards. The claret being medicated for the voyage, is too strong, and has little flavor.

The usual mode of traveling is by palanquins, but most gentlemen have carriages adapted to the climate, and horses, of which the breed is much improved of late years. It is universally the custom to drive out between sun-set and dinner. The Mussalchees, when it grows dark, go out to meet their masters on their return, and run before them at the rate of full eight miles an hour; and the numerous lights, moving along the esplanade, produce a singular and pleasing effect. It was formerly the fashion for gentlemen to dress in white jackets on all occasions, which were well suited to the country; but, being thought too much an undress for public occasions, they are now laid aside for English cloth. The architecture of all the houses is Grecian, which I think by no means the best adapted to this country; as, the pillars, which are generally used in the verandahs, acquire too great an elevation to keep out the sun, during the greater part of the morning and evening, although the heat is excessive at both those periods. In the rainy season, it is still worse, as the wet beats in, and renders them totally useless. The more confined Hindoor, or Gothic architecture, would surely be preferable.

On Lord Wellesley's first arrival in this country, he set his face decidedly against horse-racing, and every other species of gambling; yet, at the end of November, 1803, there were three day's races at a small distance from Calcutta. Very large sums

were betted, and of course were lost by the inexperienced. There are a few steady and practised gamblers, who encourage every species of play among the young servants of the Company, and make a considerable profit by their imprudence. As these are marked characters, I wonder they are not sent away.

The most rapidly-accumulating evil of Bengal is, the increase of half-cast children. They are forming the first step to colonisation, by creating a link of union between the English and natives. In every country where this intermediate cast has been permitted to rise, it has ultimately tended to the ruin of that country; Spanish America and St. Domingo are examples of this fact. Their increase in India is beyond calculation; and, though probably there may be nothing to fear from the sloth of the Hindoos, and the rapidly declining consequence of the Mussulmauns, yet it may be justly apprehended that this tribe may hereafter become too powerful for control. Although they are not permitted to hold offices under the Company, yet they act as clerks in almost every mercantile house; and many of them are annually sent to England, to receive the benefit of an European education. With numbers in their favor, with a close relationship to the natives, and without an equal proportion of that pusillanimity and indolence which is natural to them, what may not, in time, be dreaded from them? I have no hesitation in saying, that the evil ought to be stopped; and I know no other way of effecting this object, than by obliging every father of half-cast children, to send them to Europe, prohibiting their return in any capacity whatsoever. The expence that would thus attend upon children, would certainly act as a check to the extension of zenanas, which are now but too common among the Europeans; and this be a benefit to the country, no less in a moral, than in a political view.

After making these observations, I turn with much satisfaction to the brighter parts of the character of my eastern countrymen. I can truly affirm, that they are hospitable in the highest degree, and that their generosity is unbounded. When an officer of respectability dies, in either the civil or military service, leaving a widow or children, a subscription is immediately set on foot, which, in every instance, has proved liberal, and, not unfrequently, has conferred on the parties a degree of affluence, that the life of the husband or parent could not for years have insured. The hearts of the British in this country seem expanded by opulence; they do every thing upon a princely scale; and, consequently, do not save half the money that might be done upon a narrower œconomy. The beginning, however, of a fortune being once made, it collects as rapidly as a snow-ball. In seven years, or less, a capital is doubled; so that ten thousand rupees, given to a child at birth, is a handsome independence by the time it arrives at the age of twenty-one.

The supreme court is held in deserved repute, and the business is conducted with due decorum. The chief interpreter has been permitted to act as a police magistrate, in consequence of which his deputy

sometimes appears in causes, the importance of which calls loudly for his master. The court, when I was there, was once delayed two hours by a confusion of the terms *repaid* and *advanced*, made by this man, in a cause in which General Martin's executors were defendants. I had the satisfaction to hear the court order them to pay two lacs and a half to the plaintiff, a shroff of Lucknow. The affair was one of the general's frauds, who had borrowed the money of him, and several other natives, to lend it to Asoph-ud-Dowlah; and, on his being repaid, he refused to return them their share; and they dared not complain, as the Nawaub would instantly have seised it. They, however, kept his bond, and recovered it with interest.

It will hardly be believed, that, in this splendid city, the head of a mighty Christian empire, there is only one church of the establishment of the mother country, and that by no means conspicuous either for size or ornament. It is also remarkable, that all British India does not afford one episcopal see, while that advantage has been granted to the province of Canada; yet, it is certain, that, from the remoteness of the country, and the peculiar temptations to which the freedom of manners expose the clergy, immediate episcopal superintendance can no where be more requisite. From the want of this, it is painful to observe, that the characters of too many of that order, are by no means creditable to the doctrines they profess, which, together with the unedifying contest that prevail among them, even in the pulpit, tend to lower the religion and it's followers in the eyes of the natives of every description. If there be any plan of conciliating the minds of the natives to Christianity, it is so manifestly essential, it should appear to them in a respectable form at the seat of government, that, I presume, all parties will allow that the first step should be, to place it there upon a proper footing.

Since my return to England, I find that an episcopal establishment, upon a very large scale, has been publicly recommended by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan. Were it's expediency in other respects agreed upon, I fear the present state of the revenue in that country would render such a serious addition to the expenditure unjustifiable; but the maintenance of one bishop could not reasonably be objected to; for, with a revenue of eleven millions, it becomes a duty appropriate apart to religious purposes, and not a mere consideration of eligibility. I therefore concur with the doctor in an earnest wish, that such an appointment should take place without delay. In the contemplation of such a measure, I shall state my ideas relative to the situation, authority, and duties of a bishop for India.

I conceive it to be essentially requisite, that the person appointed to the sacred office, should devote himself to it for life; renouncing every expectation of returning to England in advanced years, and enjoying himself in indolence upon a pension. He should consider the tie connecting him with his diocess, as indissoluble, and place his felicity in performing his duties with fidelity and honor. He should be free from the rage of

proselyting, that he may be able to observ , with impartiality, the conduct of those whose zeal leads them to attempt the conversion of the Hindoos; and that he may prevent a recurrence of that violation of their prejudices, which has so recently been practised by some of the missionaries; a conduct highly reprehensible, which, if persevered in, will certainly induce them to decline all instruction, if it does not provoke them to expel the British from India. He should be invested with the full power of suspending, and ordering home, any of his delinquent clergy, without which, it would be impossible for him to maintain effectual discipline; and if a right of appeal against his sentence were thought adviseable to be granted, it should be either to an archbishop, or to the king in council; since a power of reversal, lodged in the India Company, might be found as detrimental in ecclesiastic, as it is in civil affairs. Even delicacy should induce them to decline it, since it is scarcely possible that all could be unprejudiced judges in the case of a person appointed by themselves.

I should be much inclined to urge the propriety of extending, to the whole clergy of India, the principle of perpetual residence; but, in order to induce men of real merit to accept an office, requiring them to abandon the hopes of returning to their native country, a stipend should be annexed to it, sufficient to enable them to support a mode of living correspondent to their dignity, and make an adequate provision for their families. If a pension were allowed for the widows, it would be an additional motive to the truly respectable, and would render a large salary less necessary.

In every view, political as well as religious, it is highly desireable that men of liberal education, and exemplary piety, should be employed; who, by their manners, would improve the tone of society in which they lived, and, by the sacredness of their character, operate as a check on the tendency to licentiousness that too frequently prevails.

The splendor of religious worship should be maintained in the highest degree our church allows. On the natives of India, accustomed to ceremonial pomp, and greatly swayed by external appearances, it would impress that respect for our religion, of which, I am sorry to say, they are, chiefly by our neglect of it, at present destitute. The natural effect of which has excited a doubt in the mind of the Hindoo of our own belief in that faith we are so anxious to press upon him.

The native inhabitants of Calcutta may, indeed, from the sight of one solitary church, believe that we have a national religion, but I know of nothing that can give this information to the rest of our eastern subjects. Whilst the Mussulmaun conquerors of India have established mosques in every town of their dominions, the traveller, after quitting Calcutta, must seek in vain for any such mark of the religion of their successors.

Another great obstacle to the reception of Christianity, by the Hindoos, is the admission of the Parias into our church, among whom the chief conversions have been made; since nothing can be more shocking to their ideas, than

the equality thus produced between the higher and lower casts. As long as this distinction continues to exist, it will be impossible to obliterate such notions, and any innovation attempted by government in this respect would be resisted by the utmost force of prejudice.

Although the Hindoos have adopted from us various improvements in their manufactures of salt-petre, opium, and indigo, and have made rapid advances in the knowlege of ship-building, practical mathematics and navigation, yet none of these acquirements have interfered with their religious prejudices. The instant these are touched, they fly off from all approximation to their masters, and an end is put to farther advancement. Nothing is therefore more to be avoided than alarming their jealousy on this head, and exciting the suspicion that government means in any manner to interfere in the business of proselyting. The Brahmins are a very powerful body; they are both an hereditary nobility, and a reigning hierarchy; looked up to with the highest veneration by the inferior casts, and possessed of the most distinguishing privileges; they will consequently oppose, with their whole influence, any attempt to subvert that system, upon which all their superiority depends. They have already taken alarm at the proceedings of the missionaries in Bengal, and other parts; and, if driven to extremities, will, doubtless, excite a formidable dissatisfaction to our government among the natives. On the contrary, the former wise policy of treating them with respect, and giving a full toleration to their superstition, was often attended with the happy effect of making them the instrument of enforcing useful regulations in the country; for they have never scrupled, when required, giving a sanction to the orders of government to suppress hurtful practices, as in the case of the sacrifice of children at Sorgur, and in many other instances. We should also be aware, that, although the comparison between the Mussulmaun intolerance, and our contrary spirit, was so much in our favor, as to have had a powerful efficacy in attaching them to the British Government, knowing that they had only one choice for masters; yet were this difference of policy taken away, their habits and manners, which are more congenial to those of the Mussulmauns, would probably induce them to prefer their government to ours.

ON EDUCATION.

And here the buds of genius blow
  In fair and full array;
And there, benumb'd, they cease to grow,
  And die and fall away.
The soil's the same, some skilful art
  Like fruits had brought to bear;
For man still acts the destin'd part
  He's taught by early care.

NOTHING can be more pernicious than the present system of education. Under it's influence virtue is never strengthened farther than as knowlege tends to strengthen her. She is never an express and primary object. The temper, which ought to be the principal care, is left to chance,

or corrupted by improper treatment.

Gentlemen's children, as soon as they can understand sounds, are taught a variety of tricks, to show company how clever they are; and, upon the entrance of any stranger, without considering the state of the child's spirits and humor, it is summoned to perform it's antics, which it yet remembers with difficulty, the meaning of which is, it does not comprehend, and which give it no pleasure. The consequence is, that it frequently does not yield to the first solicitation; bribes are then employed, and infancy itself is not incapable of perceiving the advantage it has over those who thus sue to it. After it has made nurse or mamma submit as long as it pleases, it condescends to amuse the company with a few tricks, which are certain of being rewarded by profuse applause. And thus a pretty successful mode is adopted of introducing early into the mind the passions of tyranny and vanity.

The ingenuity of children should be exercised; but nothing is so dangerous as to encourage it either with pecuniary rewards or applause. Pecuniary remuneration teaches mercenary ideas; applause produces vanity. Emulation is the best incentive; and when they have attained to some degree of excellence, they will be able to relish wisdom for her own sake.

Children cannot see too much company; it excites their attention, and quickens their ideas, besides being a good foundation of future address. But they should never know themselves the object of the attention of the company. It is giving them the greatest provocative to vanity and conceit, before they have sense to resist corruption.

It is destruction to a child for a whole company to sit admiring and gaping at whatever it does. They should always be encouraged in any gambols they enter into of their own accord: but they should never be set to play for the amusement of company, because that is an unnatural exertion, and therefore must have an adventitious motive, which is either fear, a baneful influence, or vanity, which is almost as pernicious.

The children of rustics advance faster, in the three or four first years of infancy, both in bodily and mental powers, than the children of gentlemen, because they are left to nature. A poor man's child will run about without fear, and find his way home safe at last; whilst a gentleman's child would be terrified and helpless were it left alone. But afterwards the cultivation of the one, and the want of cultivation to the other, gives gentlemen's children a decided superiority.

It is a pernicious custom to take children to church, and talk to them about a Deity, before they can distinguish one idea from another. They may have the notion of a Deity imparted to them very early, but they should be suffered to be capable of feeling at least before they are made to worship him; for when prayers are prescribed, and reverence exacted, before a child can attend with any recollection, it tends only to diminish that awe which is most useful in giving effect to religious impressions.

Teaching children to read in

the Holy Scriptures is another flagrant mistake. Instead of giving them an early relish for piety, it has necessarily a contrary effect: it renders the subject too familiar, and also makes it disagreeable, because it is a task.

The education of the human mind should commence in the first period of existence. Every thing has an influence on the character. But as infancy is not capable of reason, physical impressions must be it's precursor; and amongst these, light is one of the most powerful agents on the infantile senses. Light renders children cheerful, strong, vigorous, courageous. Darkness has a contrary effect. Yet they should be accustomed to endure darkness without terror; and for this purpose they should be occasionally exposed to it without comment or apparent design.

Children cannot be too much exposed to the air; the vigor of the body conduces to that of the mind; and those who have the care of them should preserve an equanimity of behaviour, and never give into bursts of ill-humor.

It is a wretched mistake to be always reminding them that they should submit to their seniors; that they should give place; that they are of no consequence, because of their youth. In aspiring minds, such discipline is likely to produce nothing but sullen rebellion, and future tyranny; and, in pliant minds, a slavish cowardice. Docility is a grace in youth; but it should be taught as a grace, not forced upon them as a duty.

It has before been observed, that the genius of lively children should be directed towards solid pursuits, to prevent exuberance. Dull children should be allured into the walks of imagination. Timid tempers should be encouraged; the audacious and petulant should be taught due subordination.

The Grecian history is still the most noble model of human nature: it should be placed before the youth of both sexes; not that women should be what Grecian women were, but that they should endeavour to deserve such heroes as the men were.

A romantic education would be extremely ridiculous among a commercial people; but there is little danger that youth would imbibe too deeply the martial glow, or the sentimental cast, so long as they should trade, to counteract it's influence. Where there is one mind over which such ideas would predominate, there are ten that would remain better adapted to trade; and the one might be spared for a soldier, which is as great an exigence of the state as a citizen.

A romantic turn of thought is never rational, and, therefore, it is against the interests of youth to have it inculcated; yet in a nation so commercial as this, the very spirit of which is selfish and destructive of sentiment, something more may be allowed than if no such opposite influence existed.

The truth is, though much exaggerated by Godwin, that there is scarcely any profession that has not a debasing influence on the morals; even that of arms lead to many notorious vices; and a subaltern officer can scarcely avoid being mean, if he is not a man of fortune. And yet there must be soldiers for the preservation of the state. What remedy remains?

Perhaps it would meliorate this general depravity, were every citizen below nobility to pass some years in military life. There is a certain degree of freedom and gayety in that circle, which might act as an antidote to the frigidity of commerce. But, lest the soldier spoil the merchant, he should be accurately aware all the time, that his permanent views are to settle and apply. The soldier might then improve the merchant; for all one, or all the ether, seems to have a bad effect.

Youth cannot too soon be made to understand the place they are to occupy in society; that is, the part they are to sustain, and the duties which will be required of them. It teaches them to look forward with vigor and rationality; and renders them more attentive to probabilities, than romantic hopes; and gives them dignity and manliness.

Fear is the last motive by which we would wish youth to be governed, as it is sure to extinguish every noble propensity, and produce base and slavish sentiments. Yet there are some obdurate tempers, or some that appear so, under the present system of treating infants, for which such treatment seems to be necessary and proper; as, without it no impression can be made.

Youth should have frequent examples of generosity held before them. That is a characteristic which can never be improper in any station. And, in their extreme youth, we would recommend it to their tutors, to keep from them every thing base and mean in human conduct, except poetical displays of the infamy attendant upon it.

A knowlege of mankind, such as they are at present, should not be learned too early, lest it debase the heart more than it informs the mind. Let youth dream out tales of faith and honor till it's sensibilities fully expand; do not nip it in the bud. At length, with all caution, unfold to them the various models of the character of man; nor stop till all his greatness, his meanness, his beauty and his deformity, his virtues and his vicious propensities are laid open to their remotest recesses.

A radical defect in many parents is their want of steadiness of temper, particularly in mothers, as having more immediately the care of infants. When she is in a good humor, every thing the child does is admirable; but when she is out of spirits, the frolics that pleased before are now resented. The child soon acquires sagacity enough to discover that this is personal humor, and not reason: and if mamma indulges her humor, he sees no reason why he should not indulge his.

Parents should ever aim at being patterns of virtue to their offspring. The strong affection which nature has implanted in children towards their parents, makes them look to them for every thing: of course they cannot believe there are any better characters than theirs; and when they discover those models are imperfect, they aim at nothing better themselves. For human beings are apt to err, and if the example of error is set before them by those they love, they hasten fast into it.

The consequence of caprice in parents is subterfuge in children, insincerity, and future tyranny: for restraint will be repaid by it's

opposite excess; and the flood that is long confined, is sure to spread destruction when it bursts it's boundaries.

Were parents to impose a restraint upon their own temper, and endeavour to act an uniform display of virtue to their ductile offspring, the consequence would be, that virtue could scarcely fail to be reflected back from their tender minds. Many of the strongest motives, under which we act, would conduce to it—love, veneration, awe, faith. What more can be wanting to an empire over the mind? All these are on the side of the parent; if they would but then be consistent, reasonable, and virtuous, very few instances would occur in which their efforts would fail of the happiest effects.

But how should parents be consistent, reasonable, and virtuous, who have themselves suffered under caprice, and now want to be repaid for former restraint? For tyranny produces tyranny. If parents would but consider the importance of the formation of character to their country and to posterity, and reflect that a Sylla and a Marius may be produced by a fit of anger, they would surely see the propriety, the necessity, of putting a restraint upon themselves before beings who are to fill the future world.

The grand object in education is to nculcate virtue without formality; to restrain the passions alone, without restraining the manner. The great mistake of many moralists is, that they hedge in and hem round till there is not a bit of human nature left.

Mrs. H. More has lately given herself the trouble of compiling a set of notions ridiculously exact and severe on many trifles, which are perfectly harmless, and some which are even meritorious. When she talks of restraining girls from employing their fancy in making verses, she certainly betrays more of the school-mistress than the philosopher. Indeed there is an air of disproportionate gravity throughout, above what the importance of the points upon which she insists, will bear, which will never attract converts.

Mankind are more deterred than invited by mere gravity itself. If it is attached to an important subject, it becomes pathos and sublimity, and stimulates the passions; but if the subject admit nothing but fancy, gravity being theabsence of fancy, is the absence of every thing, which is what is called stupidity; a very bad way of gaining popular attention. Her books are likely to sink into the hands of preceptresses at seminaries: for they are calculated for no other medium; and even there they will be read with disgust by the young and lively, and forgotten as soon as the task is over.

So far from agreeing with Mrs. More, that making verses is such a dreadful thing, we recommend it as useful pastime to those young ladies who have any talent for it; for as their mental abilities are not in general destined to reach any thing higher, as friends to civilisation and reason, we wish the thinking faculty to be exercised that way, rather than not at all.

Such violent prohibitions of nothing at all, as Mrs. More employs, are the greatest possible detriment to real virtue. Virtue is far more liberal and accommo-

dating than her votaries, and will mingle unoffended with every mode and practice that depends on mere taste. Those who fetter her in trifling restrictions, and deck her out in the majesty of terrors, are not the friends of human nature. Man is to be charmed into the love of her; he is to love her for her own sake; therefore she must be made lovely.

She lives with the greatest freedom and ease. Gayety is her delight, and nonsense a child that she loves to play with. She also dwells with the grave; not with that kind of gravity that would oblige others to be grave too; but that sober modesty, that acknowleges it's gravity is a defect of animation, and no pretence to superior sense or sanctity. When humility has made lenient, and candor has rendered liberal, she will sit by the side, and lie in the bosom of the dull; for she herself is neither gay nor dull, but willingly adopts every form and every humor that age or temper produces; will frolic on the green, or debate in the closet; will make verses, or make sermons. It is the attention alone that she looks at, and seeing that pure, she minds not humor.

But, according to Mrs. More's account, it would take the wings of an eagle to get up to her temple: the claws of a dragon to open the door when one got there; the appetite of a cormorant to swallow her food; and the stomach of an ostrich to digest it. What mortal durst imagine she possesses so many powers? No wonder people should go away dispirited at a path so full of difficulty.

Yet it is useful and necessary to put restraint upon passion; and to do this with the least injury to freedom of manner is the great desideratum of education.

That dignity which teaches a man his own rights, and that candor and honesty which respects the rights of others, is the foundation of every rational principle, and what ought primarily and especially to be impressed on the comprehension of youth. Upon this broad pavement they could not stumble, but would acquire a just and permanent notion of virtue, without slavish stupidity, or overweening pride.

Without some such true and perspicuous datum, the strictness of virtue would be mere foppery and whim; which Lavater excellently understood when he said, that the same character, under different circumstances, would be a fop and a methodist. That is, methodism is foppery of sentiment; and the incipient mind that could be pleased with foppery of apparel, would be pleased with the other foppery. Extremes have no foundation in reason, and, therefore, having no bias, are liable to veer about in every direction.

Education ought to be rational, and approach as near to nature as possible; that is, as little restraint should be put upon nature as virtue will admit of. To teach young people to sit still, for the mere sake of sitting still, is to require them to relinquish every thing that the bounty of nature has bestowed upon them, and is a scheme likely to promote nothing but dullness.

Youth should never be encouraged in an inclination for satire,

because it is the death of all argument, as well as injurious to the temper. There is no argument in satire; it is the suspension and absence of reason; and, however brilliant it's coloring may be, it induces a trifling mind, and a superficial view of things.

At eight or ten years of age, after having the importance of religion frequently enforced to them, it would be a beneficial custom to cause them to go regularly to church. The very habit of devotion will, in after life, produce excellent effects, if not immediately. Were this method adopted, it would, most probably, strike the mind with early conviction; because at that age it would be susceptible of conviction.

Many people, having no abilities to explain the grandeur and importance of religion, think that, by thrusting it headlong into the brains of children, and dragging them to church in their infancy, it will explain itself when they grow older; but this is a very slovenly way of doing the business, and only makes the childred tired of what they do not comprehend; and inattentive or mechanical the rest of their lives.

A pearly gem lies hid within the human mind,
Which education's skilful pow'r can only find.
Here envied wealth displays the letter'd genius bright;
There penury confines it's rays to endless night;
Yet education sometimes wastes it's fruitful pow'r,
And richest culture can't produce a single flow'r:
Whilst nature, from her dark retreat, tho' wild and sad,
Will oft break out and shine, and make a nation glad.

THE MASQUERADE.

[*An Extract from the Novel intitled, —The Forest of Montalbano, lately published.*]

FOR nearly half an hour Minora remained in this compulsive visit; when, completely wearied of the scene altogether, she unfeelingly declared, 'a sick apartment was always too close for her, and she must hasten to the saloon, to inhale a little refreshing air.'

'And will not you and Hilario join my party this evening, Lorenzago?' she anxiously added.

'Unless the Duca di Montalbano does, we cannot, madam, since we have the honor of being his excellenza's guests,' Lorenzago coldly replied.

'The duca is at home, and can come, if he pleases, I suppose,' said the duchessa, highly disconcerted by her brother's manner to her.

'Yes, madam,' returned Sigismund impressively, 'the duke *is* at home; and will very shortly evince his being so, by resuming his place, as master of his own mansion, and to aid in the pleasing task of entertaining his own friends and guests. But for this evening, duchessa, I must leave the performance of that duty solely to you; and that I may learn how hospitably and kindly you officiate for me, I will make over to you my friends and present guests, Lady Angelina and the Contes Lorenzago, and Hilario, who will really oblige me if they will join your party, since I wish for a very long conference with my

physician, whom I expect this evening.'

The duchessa ungraciously articulated a reluctant hope that Lady Angelina would join her party.

It was not Angelina's wish to comply, but, since it was her uncle's, she obediently acquiesced; and, in the saloon, she found the Princess di Belcastro, Lady Bertha, Signora Zola, and a large number of gentlemen, impatiently awaiting the re-appearance of the duchessa.

The princess civilly greeted Angelina, and seemed pleased at her return to their society. The strangers, not initiated in the general family politics, treated her with every attention. Conte Lorenzago paid her the most profound homage; and, notwithstanding every attractive lure which the fickle Bertha could throw out—who, finding she could gain no reciprocity of sentiment from the insensate Florio, and being forcibly struck with the conviction that Hilario was more beautiful, had promptly transferred her affections to the latter—Conte Hilario was an immoveable fixture by Angelina's side, bestowing on her every flattering assiduity; so that she found this the pleasantest evening she had passed in the duchessa's circles, because it was the only one in which she escaped mortifications and insults: yet she experienced no regret when, with propriety, she could withdraw, and return to her unfortunate uncle; whom, as she expected, she found very much dejected, and not only depressed most affectingly in spirits, but, what was very ungenial to his nature, extremely peevish too: but the cause of this phenomenon she soon developed, upon inquiring, with all her kind anxiety,

'What Father Jeronimo thought of his patient? and what directions he had left for her?'

'Not any directions for you, my child,' the duca replied in visible chagrin, 'since that very skilful gentleman considers me quite recovered; so much so, indeed, that my taking any more medicines would be perfectly a work of supererogation. For my part, I did not condescend to convince him of his error; I only formed a more just opinion of his abilities than he did of my convalescence.'

Angelina had been too accurate an observer not to perceive, during her anxious attendance upon her uncle, that one accompaniment of the terrible disease of ideal maladies was, a jealous indignant displeasure against those who attempted to suppose there was any symptom of perfect health about them, or who did not implicitly believe every ailment complained of an incurable ill; therefore, if possible, to lull this painful irritation, and to lure him into composure, and restored confidence in his physician, she promptly said—

'You are so much amended since the good monk last saw you, that, judging by comparison, he hastily pronounced your convalescence; or, perhaps, finding your spirits lower than he wished, he announced these happy tidings for the purpose of elevating them. But, whatever were his motives for such a decision, he will find conviction of your still being a delicate plant, requiring every tender care, and even the further aid of medicine to perfect your recovery.'

'Oh, Angelina!' exclaimed Sigismund, in grateful joy, 'you are the only person in existence who feels sufficient interest for me to study my complaints. A detail of your accurate observations upon my case, may convince Father Jeronimo of his egregious error in supposing me so near health. I certainly do feel infinitely better, thank pitying heaven and my tender nurse. I can now scarcely say I labor under any particular malady of consequence; but for any one to affirm, because I can point out no decidedly fatal ill, that I am perfectly well, is folly and barbarity in the extreme.'

Angelina appeared to acquiesce in this opinion, and mentally resolved to entreat Father Jeronimo yet a little to indulge the long-cherished fancied ailments of her amiable uncle, and not so decidedly to irritate and mortify his sensitive feelings.

The duca now, satisfied in not being considered by all the world as in robust health, entered upon the subject of his real griefs; and his plaints were so piteous for his blighted happiness, and for his infatuation for yielding it to the power of such a woman as Minora to destroy, that Angelina found it impossible to leave him to the lonely contemplation of his miseries until a later hour than usual.

Isabella impatiently awaited the retiring of Lady Angelina to her apartments to seek repose; since, besides her affectionate wish of seeing her and conversing with her, she had to display to her all the beautiful Neapolitan finery, which she had succeeded in removing, without observation, from Father Patrick's apartments to their appropriate wardrobe; and so simply, yet attractively elegant, was the genuine taste Signora Modo had displayed in the selection of all the materials, and in their happy combinations, and so near to perfection was every thing executed, that it was impossible for Angelina, even though exquisite was her own fancy, not to be highly pleased and gratified with all.

'But, my dear lady,' said Isabella, as they were employed in the inspection of this beautiful wardrobe, 'I narrowly escaped discovery; for while I was putting this very dress away, I beheld a most beautiful young lady—at least so she appeared to be, through a rather thick veil she wore close over her face—advancing towards me, from your bed-room. On seeing me, she started in much apparent confusion; and would doubtlessly have retreated, only she perceived I had observed her: she, therefore, recovering her self-possession, still advanced, and made an apology for her intrusion, by saying, 'she knew not these apartments were at present inhabited.' She then walked towards a window, and, although evidently embarrassed at intruding upon me, admired the prospect, then the little blossom yonder you had so carefully put in water, then praised every thing in the room with much condescension, but particularly the centre vase there—which wonderfully took her fancy, for she even mounted a chair to examine it's beautiful penciling, and.....'

Isabella was proceeding in her detail, when, to her amazement, Angelina darted towards this attractive vase, and mounting a

chair too, rapidly drew out of it a billet, which she eagerly broke open, and read as follows :—

'Your persevering friend advises you, by all that you most prize in existence, to attend the approaching *mascheràta;* but warns you to let no inducement whatsoever lure you into appearing at it in the dress which you had lately restored to you.

'Your friend, *illustrissima signora*, knows how cruelly circumscribed your wardrobe is:—but hers is not; and, improbable as it may sound to you, she is possessed of the costume of almost every rank in every country of the habitable world: you have, therefore, only to name what character you wish to assume, and each requisite for it you shall find concealed behind your springboard, in the tower you resort to, the very evening after you deposit yourwishesin the vase. Yourfigure so nearly resembles in size your incognita friend's, that it is probable you may find no alteration necessary in the dress she sends you, to form it for your use.

'Adieu! fear nothing at the *mascheràta*, but appearing in the grey order of Santo Valentino, and allowing your enemies to know that you *can* be there in any other character.'

Astonishment and perplexity were, for some moments after the perusal of this billet, the prominent sensations of Angelina's bosom; but, at length, mentally inquiring, 'why, if any thing unpleasant threatened her at the *mascheràta* in the dress of the order of Santo Valentino, her friend should advise her to appear there at all?' the promptly-conceived conviction that it was there she was to receive intelligence of the success which had attended the embassy of Father Marsilio to the Cardinal Gulielmo for her, and, perhaps, Conte Fredrico himself might be the bearer of it, was the answer of her bounding heart; and, from the moment this fondly-cherished idea arose to existence in her mind, every former fear of appearing in the gay assembly—every thing in the form of reluctance, vanished, and now her only alarm became quickly centred in the apprehension of not appearing there to every possible advantage.

Convinced of the sincerity and attachment of Isabella, Angelina now confided to her the friendship she had already experienced from her unknown correspondent; her expectations of protection from the cardinal patron, and of her belief of hearing from him at the approaching *fête*, inspiring her with the intention of appearing at it; and then consulted with her upon her attire for the occasion: when they soon determined not to accept in full the fair incognita's kindly-offered assistance, but to make choice of one among the Neapolitan dresses which particularly pleased Angelina's fancy, and was well adapted for such a purpose.

The whim of capricious fashion at that identical period, had infected the Neapolitan court ladies with a mania for appearing at their most splendid balls in the costume of the peasant girls of their kingdom, but made of the most costly materials: a dress of this description, most beautifully fancied, and expensively formed, was amongst those sent by Signora Modo to Lady Angelina, who,

entertaining no doubt of Father Patrick being able to procure at Florence an appropriate dress to personate her supposed father in, she soon looked upon this arrangement of her dress as a settled one; when she hastened to write, and deposit in the vase a grateful billet to the fair incognita, assuring her she would implicitly follow her advice, but politely declining her attiring assistance, except in supplying her with a mask, and procuring for her a basket such as those used by the citron-gatherers in the groves of Naples.

As her incognita friend desired concealment from her enemies of her power of appearing at the *mascheràta* in any dress but a religious one, Angelina considered the most effectual method of obeying that mandate would be, by not appearing in any one thing she had obtained from Naples, until the evening of the masque; but how to obtain Father Patrick's further secrecy seemed the only difficulty in this arrangement: however, she tried her influence, and succeeded in it's effect; although Father Patrick's propensity to revealing all things evinced itself most grievously to poor Angelina, in one of the intervening days between this request of hers, and the period of the *fête*. In defiance of all the precautions of the designing Ezzelino and Vasco Tolmezo, the communicative Patrick obtained intelligence of the full extent of the calamity which had befallen Signore Brondelo, and, without intending it, the calamity in full extent was announced by him to Sigismund; but although the duca was sensibly affected, and his nerves so severely shook by this information, as to destroy some latent hopes he himself entertained, of being able to attempt, at least, to form one of the assembl of the masks, yet—as Brondelo was in a fair way of recovery, and the interdict removed for his own intercourse with society, he considered that many of the most important of his consumed papers might be replaced—he bore the distressing news infinitely better than the alarmed Angelina could have in the least expected.

At length the evening of the *mascheràta* arrived. Angelina had imparted to her uncle the last billet she had received from the incognita, and, as it was impossible to veil from the assiduous Lorenzago or his son (who were to form two of her party) the dress of Lady Angelina, the duca bound them to concealment of it, upon the acknowleged plea of 'secret intimation conveyed to him of the existence of a project to insult Lady Angelina, or in some way annoy her, at the masquerade, where it was supposed she must appear in her only apparent attire of a *religiosa*.' Lorenzago and Hilario, rejoicing in the performance of any thing which could oblige the duca and his lovely niece, or which could seem to link them together in confidential amity, readily and sincerely promised fidelity; and, by purchasing the diligence of their trades-people, contrived in time to equip themselves in appropriate costume for companions to Angelina, who found a beautiful citron-basket and mask in the appointed place; and who, at the hour for assembling in her uncle's apartments, prior to descending to the scene of revelry, with mask in hand,

bent her light footsteps to this place of rendezvous, attired, for the first time since she had emerged from childhood, in a dress that displayed (yet still within the prescriptions of the most refined propriety) the exquisite grace and symmetry of her lovely form to the highest advantage.

The net which concealed the full luxuriance of Lady Angelina's glossy hair (but displayed to striking view the unrivaled contour of her beautifully-modeled throat, and the exquisitely graceful movements of her neck in every motion of her head) was composed of oriental pearls, varying in size as the shaping and decorating this species of head-dress required their increase or diminution. Her zone and armlets were studded with gems of sparkling radiance, and her drapery formed of the most brilliantly-tinted and flexile velvet of Genoa, combined with the softest textured silk, embroidered in the purest style of matchless excellence, and of the most transparent lace from Brussels; altogether united in completing a dress in which genuine taste could wish no alteration.

Never, since Angelina had arrived at womanhood, had Sigisgismund beheld her habited as the daughter of the illustrious house from which she sprung, until this moment—never before, he thought, had he seen her look so transcendently lovely: and, in all the exultation of parental pride, he snatched her to his breast, and fervently blessed her as he gave her the tender embrace of affection. The almost-entranced Hilario gazed in astonishment at charms he had, until now, believed only himself was gifted with; while Lorenzago beheld, with admiration and triumph, this work of rare perfection, whom he had destined to become his daughter; but as he looked, the truant wish again obtruded, 'that he could transmigrate into Hilario, and Hilario become Lorenzago.'

But to portray the rapture of Father Patrick, (who, in a peasant's habit too, was awaiting in the duca's apartments the assembling of the party), on beholding Lady Angelina actually incased in the works of Signora Modo, would, indeed, prove a task of difficulty. Besides the other incentives to rejoice at this achievement, which his philanthropic heart experienced, was the conviction of a provision being secured for life to his old decrepid uncle; and now, conceiving the interdict removed, he exclaimed, with eyes and heart dancing in unison, and feet scarcely refraining from their sympathetic accompaniment,

'There, my dew-drop, glittering in the sun! was n't it true for me, that Signora Modo was the real dandy, and no humbugging botch? Sorrow dowdy she ever made of man or mortal! And, to be sure, she did n't take the morsel of a hint I sent her, to be exerting every scrap of taste and fancy she had, for the bare life; or dickens a chance herself would have, at all at all, for people to be admiring her dresses, when the wearer was the perfecfection of Nature's own choicest works.'

The brightened suffusion of vermilion on the cheeks of Angelina acknowleged that she appropriated the compliment of the

guileless priest, ere she could give utterance to her declaration, as she playfully shaded her face, 'that she must put on her mask to conceal her blushes from Father Patrick, who could thus permit flattery to lead him from the fair path of sincerity.'

'Faith, jewel, and I would be blushing for myself, could n't I see where Nature sets the blarney of flattery at defiance.'

Lorenzago and his son, considering Lady Angelina's masking as a signal for her wish to join the revelers in their gay haunts, now bidding good evening to the duca, whom they again assured they would take every care of the precious charge he had committed to their protection, they led the way to the great hall, followed by Angelina, leaning on the arm of Father Patrick, who felt her spirits more animated, and her apprehensions considerably less formidable, than she expected to find them upon this almost dreaded occasion; and all her reluctance at leaving her beloved uncle so long before his accustomed hour for retiring, dissipated by her faithful Isabella promising to attend to him after Father Jeronimo should have left him.

In the great hall our party of Neapolitan peasants, adroitly mixing with the assembling throng, gained admission as other guests of the neighbourhood; and, from both the Contes Lorenzago and Hilario's known attachment to magnificence, no suspicion arose in the minds of any of their family or their friends that they were to be found beneath such simple attire; and in vain did the duchessa wonder for many hours of this evening at the supposed absence of her favorite brother—and in vain did the love-stricken Bertha seek in every splendid object for the beautiful Hilario, and as fruitlessly pine at each research proving unsuccessful.

Every apartment of the magnificent suite laid out for this gay *fête*, every spot of beauty in the grounds illumined for the reception of the numerous guests, were all decorated beneath the inspecting eye, and under the chief guidance of, the elegant page Florio; and all was executed with such genuine taste and judgement, that every one was charmed: and, attracted by the rumor of the surpassing splendor of this entertainment, an assemblage of characters were collected at Montalbano Castle upon this occasion, both in number and elegance in dress, sufficient to gratify the duchessa's most anxious wishes for her *mascheràta* to be considered more sumptuous and crowded than any one given by her contemporaries.

Angelina, clinging in apprehension to the arm of Father Patrick, tremblingly entered this gay scene; but, by degrees, her alarms subsided, and, no longer dismayed by masquerade bustle and confusion, her personal fears allowed other sensations of her heart to operate; when, with eager scrutiny she looked around—but looked in vain—she beheld not the interesting object she sought—no Fredrico di Alviano met her wistful gaze; and soon so devoted all her thoughts became to this one pursuit, of seeking him, that upon her was equally lost the fast-growing tenderness of Conte Hilario's homage, or the admiration of each beholder; for her lovely form and elegantly-attractive appearance arrested the instant at-

tention of every eye, and the inspectors, fascinated as they gazed, led on by a resistless spell, followed her in accumulating numbers.

Several times, during the early part of the evening, Angelina encountered the Duchessa di Montalbano, armed cap-a-pee for universal conquest, attired as a Grecian sultana, in the most alluring style of splendor that art could devise, to aid the fascinations of nature; and, to conceal the present increase in her form, profusion spared not it's hand in decking with the most costly gems every part of this rich costume; while, without a mask, she presented to full view a face she believed unrivaled.

But, at length, so loud and general became the at first murmuring eulogiums of the admiring throng, drawn in fast-increasing numbers from herself to gaze on the all-attracting Neapolitan peasant, that Minora, with dismaying pangs of envy and alarm, feared she was equaled, if not outdone; and, writhing in the agony of apprehensive jealous curiosity, she employed many of her satellites to discover who this fascinator and her party were; but so effectually were the two contes and Father Patrick disguised by their style of habit, and so convinced were all employed in this investigation of the poverty of Lady Angelina's wardrobe, that no suspicion whatever was entertained of who this attractive group was composed of.

At length, as the evening was in it's wane, as our party of peasants measured the mazy round of revel, they were all at once struck with a sudden view of a figure, emerging from the illuminated grounds into the grand saloon, representing an accurate model of the dress of Lady Angelina di Balermo as she had appeared the day after the restoration of her baggage—the dress presented to her by the Abadessa of Santo Valentino.

'Och! by dad!' exclaimed Father Patrick, 'but that's as neat a rap as ever was detected in passing current upon the public! —as real a counterfeit as ever was coined! But, for all it's false likeness, where will we be finding the elegant polish of the pure ore, it is humbugging us by imitating? where the sterling stamp of Nature's own gold, I'd be mighty glad to know? Och! ye successful hitters of a mark! but it is the bolt-upright sally-bush attempting to sham the graceful weeping-willow.'

'Merciful heaven! this—this must be what I was warned of!' exclaimed the highly-agitated Angelina: 'What, oh, Conte Lorenzago! can it portend? What can mean this woman, while wearing my semblance, to address the men who flock around her, with such disgusting, shocking boldness?'

'Mean!' answered the equally amazed and alarmed Lorenzago—'she means diabolical mischief: and, leaving you under the protection of the reverend father and my son, I will closely pursue this base counterfeit, and develop the infernal plot.' And now, hastily breaking through the impeding crowd, he soon disappeared with the receding group drawn after the *religiosa* of Santo Valentino; while Angelina, agonised by direful apprehension of invidious evil, possessed not power to stem the

torrent of admiring gazers collected around her, as she paused to look after this semblance of herself: and now, in the almost stationary situation she was doomed to, she heard remarks uttered by the determined promenaders (who gained a passage through the multitude surrounding her), which increased her painful fears of existing active malice, in the unequivocal disgust and surprise each remark conveyed at the levity of conduct this copy of herself displayed; but one grave and dignified looking man, in the habit of a Spanish grandee, as he passed her, audibly saying—'Although *la duchessa* prepared me for it, I could not have believed it, unless thus clearly demonstrated to me, that such a face of heavenly innocence could index a mind of such reprehensible levity,'—the agitation of Lady Angelina, from this promptly-conveyed conviction of what this imposture was projected for, became so visible to her companions, that, fearing she was ill from the heat, they overcame each impeding difficulty, and hastened with her into the grounds, where the free circulation of air seemed speedily to renovate her drooping spirits, and to reanimate her with a firm hope that, guided by pitying heaven, Conte Lorenzago would detect this manifest plot, and rescue her fair fame from blemish.

To be continued.]

Reflections, *written on a* Rainy Day.

THERE are, perhaps, few people in Europe more affected by changes in the weather than the English; but, perhaps, no kind of weather affects them more seriously than rainy weather, and there are sundry reasons why this should be the case. In the first place, a rainy day is a day of disappointment, often in matters of business, but more frequently in engagements of pleasure. Hence, of all rainy days, a rainy Sunday is pregnant with the greatest mortification; it is what no person calculates upon, and, therefore, no preparation is made to avert it's consequences. Overnight the plan is laid of a pleasant day, a pleasant ride, or walk, a pleasant party, a pleasant dinner, in a pleasant spot on the banks of the Thames, at Hampstead, or at Highgate. The new clothes are ready, the new caps are made up, the last new fashion is to be sported, and the last new folly to be humbly imitated. The parties retire to sleep with a perfect confidence that they shall wake to joy and pleasure. Some of them unable to sleep for thinking, withdraw the curtain at an early hour, when, alas!

'The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
'And, heavily, in clouds, brings on—the rain'

that is to dash the cup of pleasure from their lips, and consign them to fretful impatience, or helpless solitude—for the party is broke up.

It was a common saying, we are told, with the celebrated Lord Falkland—'I pity unlearned gentlemen in a rainy day,' and most pitiable objects they are; for having, according to the parliamentary language, *made up their minds* to a pleasurable employ-

ment, the bitterness of disappointment will not permit them to recur to domestic topics; they cannot comfort themselves with what they are, nor where they are, but torment their imaginations with what they might have been, and where they might have been; and, having no taste for reading, they almost cease to be objects of ridicule, and are, indeed, as Lord Falkland considers them, objects of pity.

There are few things which display more of a man's character, than the manner in which he bears disappointments of this kind; and in general, I am sorry to say it, we do not find many who do bear them with a tolerable share of good humor, the reason of which is, the want of a substitute, which would always be found where they least think of seeking it, in an agreeable or instructive book. It is one of the greatest misfortunes of life not to have acquired, and it is truly blameworthy to have lost, a taste for reading; because universal experience has proved, that it is the best and only infallible antidote against those varieties of weather to which we are exposed in this country. Perhaps I may be partial to it, but beside, thinking that a man, who has such a taste, may defy all weathers, I question very much whether the many sudden exits, peculiar to an English November, might not be averted in some measure by it. The experiment is at least worth trying; though I must warn my readers from expecting that the remedy will operate like a charm, or like a quack medicine, by the taking of one or two doses only. Highly as I think of it's efficacy, I am persuaded that nothing but a course, regularly followed for years, will afford a complete antidote to the asperities of wind and weather.

Whenever, therefore, a disappointment descends from the clouds, we may console ourselves that the earth will certainly profit by it; and that there is, at least a chance, or more than a chance, that, in our seclusion, we may be more agreeably entertained than we should have been with our party. In a party of pleasure we cannot tell what a day may bring forth; but, in the amusement of our closet, in conversing with the wise and learned of former times, we can, at least, tell what a day will not bring forth. We can assure ourselves that it will be followed by no unpleasant reflections; and, that in blending instruction with amusement, we must have gained something, and can have lost nothing. The man, who considers the subject in this light, will think very little of the disappointment which depends upon weather; and will, in many cases, have reason to congratulate himself that he has made an exchange so worthy of a rational creature.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

A FABLE.

IT hath been sung, in former days,
By Cowper's Muse, in sweeter lays,
That quarrels and contentions rose
Between the eyes and seignior nose.
Each strove the spectacles to gain;
This was the basis of their claim:
He thought them his, because, with trouble,
He bore the whole upon his noddle.
They saw through all, and claim'd their right,
And prov'd them theirs in ev'ry light.
The judges, after long debate,
And, quite at loss, long time had sat,
It was by them at length agreed,
And this they sagely all decreed:
'The nose should on his back them bear,
And eyes should see that they were clear,
And when in place they e'er were put,
The nose should stoop, and eyes be shut.'
But scarcely these had been silenced,
When other trials then commenced,
And thus the mouth his cause did plead:
'That when I e'er begin to read,
In books with leaves of learning full;
With preachers, or with boys at school,
The finger always plays this trick,
He turns the leaf too oft so quick,
As that he spoils the sense,
A'nt this, my lords, a great offence?
So now from you I crave a cure,
That I may this no more endure.'
And as good pleaders use abuse,
He did the fingers much accuse,
How they were sadly busy medlars,
Took not their own, like cheating pedlars;
With great deal more, at length he ended,
And hoped his case would now be mended.
The finger then, as I suppose,
From want of lawyer, lost his cause.
But judges now were all agreed,
And thus it was by them decreed:
'Before a leaf he e'er did ope,
The finger to the mouth should pop.'
In this, as in all other laws,
The rogues creep out at all the flaws;
But still sometimes you now may see
The school-boys keep this wise decree,
Before the finger turns the leaf,
It seeks the mouth to ask it's leave.

T. HATHERLEIGH.

LINES

On the Statue of the DYING GLADIATOR, *recited at the late Installation at Oxford, by Mr. G. R. Chinnery, of Christ-Church. This Poem had gained him Sir Roger Newdigate's Annual Prise.*

WILL then no pitying sword it's succour lend
The Gladiator's mortal throes to end,

To free the unconquer'd mind, whose generous pow'r
Triumphs o'er Nature in her saddest hour?

Bow'd low, and full of death, his head declines,
Yet o'er his brow indignant Valor shines,
Still glares his closing eye with angry light,
Now glares, now darkens with approaching night.

Think not with terror heaves that sinewy breast,—
'Tis vengeance visible and pain suppress'd;
Calm in despair, in agony sedate,
His proud soul wrestles with o'ermastering fate;
That pang the conflict ends—he falls not yet,
Seems every nerve for one last effort set,
At once by death, death's lingering pow'r to brave—
He will not sink, but plunge into the grave,
Exhaust his mighty heart in one last sigh,
And rally all life's energies—to die.

Unfear'd is now that cord which oft ensnar'd
The baffled rival whom his falchion spar'd;
Those clarions mute, which on the murd'rous stage
Rous'd him to deeds of more than martial rage:
Once poised by peerless might, once dear to fame,
The shield which could not guard, supports his frame;
His fixed eye dwells upon the faithless blade,
As if in silent agony he prayed,
'Oh, might I yet, by one avenging blow,
'Not shun my fate, but share it with my foe!'
Vain hope!—the streams of life-blood fast descend;
That giant-arm's upbearing strength must bend.

Yet shall he scorn, procumbent, to betray
One dastard sign of anguish or dismay,
With one weak plaint to shame his parting breath;
In pangs, sublime, magnificent in death!

But his were deeds unchronicled; his tomb
No patriot wreaths adorn; to cheer his doom
No soothing thoughts arise of duties done,
Of trophied conquests for his country won;
And he, whose sculptur'd form gave deathless fame
To Ctesilas—he dies without a name!

Haply to grace some Cæsar's pageant pride
The hero-slave, or hireling-champion died,
When Rome, degenerate Rome, for barbarous shows,
Barterec' her virtue, glory and repose,
Sold all that freemen prize as great and good,
For pomps of death, and theatres of blood!

GEORGE ROBERT CHINNERY,
Christ-Church.

PARTING WITH MY DEAREST.

A SONG.

O! I COULD leave for evermore,
  My kindred and relations;
And, blest with him whom I adore,
  Could roam thro' foreign nations;
For, what are friends to lovers true?
  Or dangers the severest?
My heart will break to bid adieu
  In parting with my dearest!

I dare not follow where he goes,
  Yet cannot live behind him:
May heaven protect him from his foes,
  And guide my steps to find him!
For I can live in toil and care,
  And dangers the severest;
But, like the wailings of despair,
  Is parting with my dearest!

J. MAYNE.

ON AVARICE.

BY HATEM TAI.

[*See page* 389.]

HOW frail are riches and their joys?
Morn builds the heap which eve destroys;
Yet, can they leave one sure delight,
The thought that we've employ'd them right.

What bliss can wealth afford to me,
When life's last solemn hour I see,
When Mavia's sympathising sighs
Will but augment my agonies?

Can hoarded gold dispel the gloom,
That death must shed around the tomb?
Or cheer the ghost which hovers there,
And fills with shrieks the desert air?

What boots it, Mavia, in the grave,
Whether I lov'd to waste or save?
The hand that millions now can grasp,
In death no more than mine shall clasp.

Were I ambitious to behold
Increasing stores of treasur'd gold,
Each tribe that roves the desert, knows
I might be wealthy if I chose.

But other joys can gold impart,
Far other wishes warm my heart,
Ne'er shall I strive to swell the heap,
Till want and woe have ceas'd to weep.

With brow unalter'd, I can see
The hour of wealth or poverty;
I've drunk from both the cups of Fate,
Nor this could sink, nor that elate.

With Fortune bless'd, I ne'er was found
To look with scorn on those around;
Nor for the loss of paltry ore,
Shall Hatem seem to Hatem poor.

TO A LADY WEEPING.

BY EBN ALRUMI.

(*Carlyle's Spec. of Arab. Poetry.*)

WHEN I behold thy blue eye shine
Thro' the bright drop that pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.

The violet ever scents the gale,
It's hues adorn the fairest wreath,
But sweetest, through a dewy veil,
It's colors glow, it's odors breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise,
When wit and pleasure round thee play,
When mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
Who but admires their sprightly ray?
But when thro' pity's flood they gleam,
Who but must love their soften'd beam?

ADDRESS TO FORTUNE.

Written extempore on reading that Bonaparte had deprived his repudiated Josephine of the title of Empress.

FORTUNE, in imitation of the wise,
Full oft I strove thy favors to despise,
But vain my efforts, for I must avow,
I knew not half thy fickleness till now;
But really, Madam, you've been pleased of late,
To play such frightful tricks among the great;
Tumbling, for reasons to yourself best known,
So many mighty Monarchs from the throne;
And lifting those, whose origin so base is,
(Strange whimsies these), into their vacant places,
That I, who oft have gaz'd with wistful eye,
As thy gay favorites roll'd in splendor by,
Now thank thee for thy malice, and declare,
I hold thy paltry gift beneath my care.

Then hasten, Goddess, to thy favorite son,
Lavish thy smiles, exhaust thy stores on one,
He's grateful, very grateful, should'st thou doubt it,
Know, Josephine can tell thee all about it;

She knows each virtue of that soul so great,
And from her thou, perchance, may'st learn too late,
That when bold Mars, who seldom sues in vain,
Won thee to bid this subtle tyrant reign;
The daring God, his warlike schemes pursuing,
Enticed thee, simple Goddess, to thy ruin.
Yes, go, and list the story of the dame,
Ere long, I ween, he'll treat thee much the same.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

CHARADE I.

IN pale dismay, amid the fearful storm,
I saw my first assume my second's form;
And while their shrieks appall'd my inmost soul,
I wept the hapless victims to my whole.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

CHARADE II.

WHERE scenes of woe, each heart with anguish rend,
Wide o'er the plain, behold me first extend;
Now sad, now gay, at joy, or sorrow's call,
My second claims our sympathy with all;
My whole, but soft, must I the Bard declare,
No, search the list of Fame, you'll find him there.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

CHARADE III.

SEE, in my first, the village maid, so sweet,
O'er my smooth second, trip with nimble feet,
Hail! tuneful whole, to various nature true,
I love thy witching strains, indeed I do.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

EPIGRAM.

SURROUNDED by a host of cringing things,
By Gallic impudence, misnomer'd Kings,*
High, on his throne, with vic'tory elate,
The man of mighty name, triumphant sate:
And gracious smil'd, whilst orator Frochot,
Proclaim'd his praises to the mob below;
Who, with stretched necks, and Frenchman-like grimaces,
Throng'd to obtain a peep at royal faces;
Royal, alas! degraded royalty,
Now, from my very soul, I pity thee:
Monarchs, 'tis time to lay your sceptres down,
When sycophants, like these, disgrace a crown.

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* Not less than eight of those abettors of tyranny, those sycophants, whom the French call Kings, assembled at Paris, to celebrate the anniversary of that day, on which Napoleon, compassionating, no doubt, the miseries of the *first nation in the world*, so condescendingly took upon himself the cares of royalty; and, if the high-sounding phraseology of a few interested individuals, could bestow on the nation at large that happiness, on which they descant so eloquently, then, indeed, would the French have cause to bless the day that gave them such an Emperor: but, alas! how different, how widely different is the reality. Napoleon, while the tongue of the hypocrite extols thee for virtues to which thy soul is a stranger, truth tells her plain unstudied tale, and, in a language, which all can understand, proclaims thee an ambitious, cruel, and deceptive tyrant; sketched, by her unerring hand, the picture of the miseries thou hast already brought upon mankind, presents itself to our affrighted view, and who, whilst gazing on it's terrific features, can forbear to execrate the author of this widespreading ruin; who, to aggrandise his upstart race, thus sheds, without remorse, the blood of innocence, and, with more than savage cruelty, exults in the destruction of all who have courage to resist oppression, and reject the galling fetters which the hand of tyranny hath forged.

In Pandæmonium this, so Milton sang,
King Lucifer, his ready imps among,
Mounted his gorgeous throne, and there design'd
The guilt, the death, and ruin of mankind.

Go, Muse, and whisper in Napoleon's ear,
That had this little arm Ithuriel's spear,
One gentle touch would make my meaning clear.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

CHARADE IV.

WHEN depriv'd of my second, the tra-v'ler looks round,
Impatient my first to discover;
How delightful my whole, pretty Celia exclaims,
When she hangs on the arm of her lover.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

THE BRITON'S HEART.

ALL hearts are French, insulting Frochot cried,
Are then all hearts so cruelly allied?
Frenchman, 'tis false, while Britain rules the sea,
Britain, the glorious land of liberty!
Her tars, whose valor, and whose worth you know,
Shall, when they plunge to save a singing foe,
Prove to the world that, tho' the casket's rough,
The gem within is 'penetrable stuff.'

JOANNA SQUIRE.

ELEGIAC POEM.

LOVE 's a gentle, gen'rous passion,
Source of all sublime delight,
When, with mutual inclinations,
Two fond hearts in one unite.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content,
That false joys, which now bewitches,
When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless passions bring vexation,
But a chaste and constant love,
Is a glorious emulation,
Of the blissful state above.

MARY.

STANZAS.

THE park was thronged, the motley train
With various voices fill'd the air:
When Love's strong arms compell'd a swain,
To own the prowess of the fair.

He saw, he coveted the maid,
Whose eye was Beauty's, and her cheek;
The youth he follow'd, like her shade,
And sigh'd to hear the idol speak.

She spoke, a flood of nonsense flow'd
From lips that mock'd the ruby's blaze;
He heard, no more his bosom glow'd,
No more her eyes shed heavenly rays.

She spoke, he heard, the dream dissolv'd,
The vision vanish'd from his soul,
And his unshackled heart devolv'd
Again to Reason's calm control.

Beauty may dart her meteor-ray,
Intent the captive eye to bind;
But sense alone, with star-like sway,
Can win, and then retain the mind.

But should her witching form inclose
A soul to various wisdom known,
As light to orient gems she shows,
Or polish to the Parian stone.

MARY, OF COLESHILL.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Panscowa, Aug. 17.

ON the 12th, 13th, and 14th, the Servians were beaten by the Turks arrived from Nissa. Czerni George has ordered new levies, which are to assemble at Delegrad. Some Russian marauders have committed many excesses on the frontiers of the Bannat of Temiswar. They write from Walachia, that the Russians have shown a disposition to undertake the siege of Orsowa, a Turkish fortress on the frontiers of the Bannat, and which the Austrian troops did not take in 1790, till after a bloody and obstinate siege. The Servians ought to furnish the artillery for the attack of Orsowa, but we doubt much whether they have sufficient train for so difficult a siege. The exportation of corn and cattle from Wallachia to the Austrain States is strictly forbidden.

Amsterdam, Sept. 25. It is understood that the late Kingdom of Holland, by an Imperial Decree of the 17th, has received the following geographical division, which is to commence on the 1st of January, 1811, when it will be divided into the following departments:

1. Department of the Guderzer, chief place Amsterdam. 2. Mouth of the Meuse—Hague. 3. Mouths of the Scheldt—Middleburg. 4. Mouths of the Rhine—Herzogenbusch. 5. Overyssel—Arnheim. 6. Mouths of the Yssel—Zevolle. 7. Friesland—Leuwarden. 8. West Eems—Groningen. 9. East Eems—Anrich.

The department of the Zuyder Zee consist of the old departments of Amsterdam and Utrecht. The department of the Mouth of the Scheldt (Zealand) remains as it was organised before. The department of the Mouths of the Rhine (Dutch Brabant) remains as it was before, except that it has united to it the *arrondissement* of Breda. The department of Overyssel, and the old department of Gueld. The department of the West Eems, including the late departments of Groningen and Drenthe, and the department of the East Eems. East Friesland with Jeyer. It is said that on the 1st of January, next year, that a governor-general will be appointed for the late kingdom of Holland; the person who will receive this dignity is even named, viz. a prince of the Imperial family. The present imposts in Holland, it is said, will likewise continue during next year, and most of the ministers will likewise remain for the same time.

Stockholm, Sept. 18. There has been published a collection of all the reports, letters, and elucid tions, relative to the illness and death of the late Crown Prince, received by the Royal Medical College; among which the most remarkable are two memoirs by Professor Loden, who offers his reasons why he is inclined to ascribe the death of the prince to poison administered to him by some person or persons: the poison he conjectures to have been of that kind, known to the Italians by the name of *aqua tofana*; and though he does not profess to be acquainted by experience with the symptoms produced by that poison, he conceives that those which attended the illness of his highness pre-

vious to his death by apoplexy were such as might well be expected to be produced by the operation of some secret and slow poison of the kind.

Viana, Sept. 28. We are anxiously expecting news from our armies. The French, in great force, entered the province of Beira, in three divisions, to the amount of sixty thousand men, and probably more, with a view to force their way to Lisbon. They had actually entered Vizeu, and were in the vicinity of Coimbra; however, it appears, they have been worsted in all the encounters they have as yet had with the British and Portuguese troops; and by the last accounts received by yesterday's post, it appears they were retreating in all directions. Several letters received by the Portuguese mention, that a battle was fought on the 23d inst. at Buzaco, where the French lost from eight to nine thousand men.

Lisbon, Oct. 5. The enemy, warned by the reception which the combined army gave him on the memorable 27th September, when he left more than 2,000 killed on the field of battle, and had an immense number wounded, which he barbarously abandoned, endeavoured to get round our positions, crossing by Mortagoa, in the direction of Sardao, and then turning to the south. The able movements of Lord Wellington, however, frustrated this plan, and our army continued to concentrate itself, acquiring every moment greater superiority, not only by the large reinforcements it successively receives, but because Massena continually finds himself involved in new difficulties, having his communication with the province of Beira cut off, and every day losing troops from fatigue, while he suffers the greatest distress from the want of the expected supplies of provisions.

The tried valor of the allied troops, and the bad condition of the enemy, which every day grows worse, give us every reason to hope the most fortunate results. French temerity will pay dearly for having penetrated into the territory of Portugal.

Oct. 6. In consequence of the part acted by the Marquis Alorna, at the surrender of Almeida, in endeavouring to seduce the Portuguese soldiers into the service of France, and distributing among them disloyal proclamations, the governor has declared the said marquis a traitor, deprived of all his titles, honors, and dignities. He is to be considered as banished; any person may kill him with impunity, and a reward of one thousand moidores is offered to whoever may take him, dead or alive.

Extract of a letter from Lisbon, dated Oct. 6:—'Our head-quarters are at Leiria; the enemy are in Figuira, Coimbra, &c. and had pushed on three thousand men four miles on this side of Coimbra; their ravages are horrible; the Porto road is covered with dead horses, mules, and bullocks. The whole country is a scene of complete devastation. Such rapine, violations and murders were never before heard of. Many villages, towns, and country villas have been burned to the ground. Every place is deserted; large tracts of Indian corn have been trodden down: every thing is destroyed. Notwithstanding all this, the people universally bless the English, and execrate the French.

'The 30th and 44th British, and a Portuguese regiment, landed here yesterday and to-day; they are fine troops, and very complete in numbers.

'Oporto is still unoccupied by the enemy, and our communication open by sea.

'In opposition to present appearances, the best informed here are of opinion, that no further battle will take place in this country this season.'

Oct. 14. As our army is now so very near, we have almost hourly communication. You cannot form to yourself any thing more like war than the general appearance of this city. Soldiers and officers at every step; processions of carts of forty, fifty, and sixty at a time, with provisions. Commissariat waggons in dozens; mules loaded with biscuits, &c. in immense numbers; artillery moving along the streets towards the army; prisoners and deserters arriving, three or four hundred at a time. Fugitives from the wasted countries in multitudes, and police horse guards patroling the streets in every direction.

Last night we learnt about eight hundred of the enemy were made prisoners, part of whom arrived this morning. At the same time we are told a heavy cannonading began from our lines, which may probably be the beginning of a general battle.

The Marquis Romana, with ten or twelve thousand Spanish troops, is at Aldea Gallega, and, but for the stormy weather, would have been ere now with our army. Our position is formed to

three lines of defence, the rear commanding the front; so that even allowing the enemy were to carry our first lines, they could not turn their cannon against us with effect, whilst we could completely command them from the second. Besides this, we have immense reserves of troops in the rear, and our right flank is protected by the gun-boats sent from our men of war and transports.

After such precautions, and the universally-allowed strength of our position, we must acknowlege ourselves under no particular fears for the result of a contest, which is to decide the fate of Portugal.

Oct. 12. Massena has reached our lines, and sixty or seventy thousand Frenchmen are now within twenty or twenty-five miles of us; but confidence is at it's height, and no long faces are seen.

The city artillery, militia, and sharp-shooters, are gone to join the army, which is now said to be one hundred thousand strong. The defence will be most desperate; the attack such as may be expected from seventy thousand Frenchmen. No ship can at this moment get over the bar; and should Massena be aware of this, it will accelerate his attack.

Oporto, (via Corunna), Sept. 22. We have this moment received news from the armies, by which it appears that they have taken up positions in their lines of defence, within two or three leagues of Coimbra. On the 19th, the English and Portuguese head-quarters were at Buzaco. On the 20th, Lord Wellington's head-quarters were at Lorvo, and Marshal Beresford at Bultao; strong positions on the mountains leading to Coimbra. The French, who, it appears, had concentrated their forces, including the corps under Reguier and Junot, were, on the 19th, at Vizeu, and every thing seems to portend an approaching engagement, which we feel confident will terminate gloriously for the allied armies, considering the spirit with which they are animated, and the skill by which they are directed.

Oct. 9. Our Governor (Trant) had taken three thousand prisoners at Coimbra, having entered that city with only the militia of this district, about six thousand. They will all arrive here on Friday. We have taken all the medicine chests, surgeons, &c. and about fifty officers are amongst them; but Colonel Pamplona, the Portuguese traitor, who was appointed governor by the French, escaped. We are all, as you may naturally suppose, very much elated; the bells are ringing, and every demonstration of joy is showing. The militia entered Coimbra on Sunday evening at five, and the few cavalry immediately took possession of the bridge; the infantry dispersed all over the city, and took the French by surprise. We lost about twenty men, and Colonel Serpe, of the Pennafiel Portuguese regiment, was wounded in the arm; Colonel Trant had several shots fired at him, but escaped. The French, by their own accounts, plundered Coimbra most cruelly, and the destruction of property there was very great. The officer who brought this account declares he never witnessed such horrid scenes.

Orebro, Sept. 22. Count Rosen, one of the nobles who composed the deputation sent by the diet to announce to the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince of Ponte Corvo, that the choice of crown prince had unanimously fallen on the latter, returned here yesterday. We are assured, that the deputation was received in a most distinguished manner by both of those illustrious personages, and that the Emperor Napoleon not only expressed his perfect assent to the prince's acceptance of the dignity offered him, but has written a letter of felicitation to his majesty on this happy event. The prince has also addressed a letter to his majesty on the same occasion. His royal highness would, it was said, leave Paris fourteen days after Count Rosen. The departure of his majesty for Stockholm has been postponed.

Sept. 24. His royal majesty was this day pleased, at an extraordinary meeting of the Chapter of the Seraphine Order, to create Prince John Baptist Julius, elected crown prince of the kingdom of Sweden, a knight of the above order, investing him at the same time with the right of wearing the grand cross of the Order of the Sword and North Star.

The commander in chief of the army of Moldavia has transmitted from his head-quarters, near the fortress of Rudschuk, dated 26th of last month, stating, that according to a report received from Major-General Count Zuwaroff, Czerni George was twice attacked by the Turks on the 29th and 30th July in Banja, but that the latter were both times repulsed by the Servians with their accustomed gallantry, and compelled to retreat with great loss.

HOME NEWS.

London, Sept. 26.

AN exhibition on the pillory of one of the wretches recently convicted at Clerkenwell, took place yesterday, at twelve o'clock, opposite the Mansion-house, when this human monster suffered all that could be inflicted by mud, rotten eggs, and potatoes.

The concourse of people collected upon this occasion was immense. Amongst other places particularly crowded, was the ballustrade surrounding the Mansion-house, which, notwithstanding the exertions of constables placed there to keep off the crowd, was filled with spectators, some of whom had melancholy reason to regret their too eager curiosity, as several of the rails, and a great part of the coping stone, gave way from the great weight of those clinging to it, and falling on some of the persons beneath, severely injured three, one of whom is not expected to recover; they were all taken to the hospital.

A melancholy accident happened on Friday evening last, in the marine barracks, Chatham. As Lieutenant Hancorn was leaving his room in the south end, and proceeding down the stone steps which are separated from another flight of steps by a low iron railing, he over-ran himself, and fell into the area, by which unfortunate means he dislocated his neck, and fractured his skull; he survived but a few hours.

Yesterday morning, about two o'clock, Mr. Gunthorpe, master of the Falcon public-house, Falcon square, endeavoured to commit suicide, by discharging a pistol at his breast. His wife, about the hour above mentioned, was disturbed by the restless manner of her husband, and upon seeing a pistol in his hand, apparently pointed towards her, instantly screamed out, upon which he clapped the destructive weapon to his breast, and discharged it; the ball luckily took a different direction to that which was intended, whereby the horrid design was not effected. Two of his ribs, however, were broken, and the ball came out at his side. The unfortunate man had provided himself with a large penknife, which he held in his left hand, in case the first attempt proved fruitless, but was prevented applying it by the wife, who, it is said, caught his arm.

Monday morning, about ten o'clock, one of the powder mills at Dartford, in Kent, together with some adjacent buildings, blew up; the report was tremendous, and was heard for several miles around; indeed, so terrific was it's explosion, that it shook the earth at the distance of about a mile and a half with as much force as an earthquake could have done. It is not yet ascertained how many persons suffered on this calamitous occasion, but the loss of two lives has unfortunately been already ascertained.

Bristol, Sept. 26. Mr. Sadler ascended in his balloon on Monday last, at a quarter past one o'clock, at Bristol. It was his intention to have been accompanied by his daughter; but from the state of the wind on Monday, he was so firmly persuaded the course of the bal-

loon would be towards the sea, that he resisted her entreaties, and her seat was taken by Mr. Clayfield, of Bristol.

An immense multitude assembled to witness the ascension; and very soon after the cords were separated, the balloon moved with extraordinary velocity towards the coast of Wales; but when it had attained a very considerable altitude, a strong current of air blew it back on the coast of Devon.

In the management of the balloon they encountered considerable difficulty, and both became at last nearly exhausted. At a quarter past four o'clock in the afternoon, the balloon wes observed to descend with astonishing precipitancy into the sea, six miles from Lymouth, on the North Devon coast, and a boat was immediately sent off to it's assistance. The voyagers were brought to shore in a state of extreme fatigue, and Mr. Sadler was unable to stand, from having been some time in the water before the boat could reach the balloon. The distance they traveled, Mr. Sadler says, could not be less than one hundred miles; and this was performed in the surprisingly-short space of three hours only! Their perilous situation may be in some degree imagined, having discharged all their ballast, flung out their great coats, and every thing else they possessed, including a favorite barometer given to Mr. Sadler by the celebrated Dr. Johnson, for which he had been offered two hundred guineas. It was by mere accident the balloon was observed to fall in the sea; and had it not been a remarkably serene evening, the parties must inevitably have perished. The gas was so expended, that the balloon could not have floated an hour longer in the sea.

The greatest praise is due to Mr. Clayfield, for the magnanimity and fortitude he displayed; and it is principally to this gentleman's persevering exertions and adroitness that Mr. Sadler attributes their preservation.

London, Sept. 27. A young man of the name of Jaen, a foreigner, and a clerk in a very respectable house in Poland-street, was found dead in the Park on Monday morning, with a pistol by his side, and with which he had blown his head to atoms. He had been missing from his employment since Saturday se'nnight, on which day he received a sum of money by virtue of his employment, with which he decamped.

Sept. 29. Yesterday morning, about two o'clock, a fire broke out in Oxendon-street, Haymarket, at the house of Mr. Lewis, dyer, which raged with considerable fury. The inhabitants of Edmund's-court, adjoining, were in the utmost consternation; and one poor woman, who through fright had left her three children, being happily restored to her recollection, ran back and brought them out in safety from the impending danger. By the activity of the firemen, and having a plentiful supply of water, the fire was extinguished without extending farther than the house in which it began, which, however, it entirely demolished.

Oct. 1. An inquisition was held on Saturday, on the body of the late Mr. Abraham Goldsmid, at his house at Morden. Among the Jury were some of the most respectable and intelligent persons of the vicinage. The proceedings lasted but a few minutes, when the following verdict was returned—'Died by his own hand, but not in his senses at the time.' There was but one evidence, we understand, examined, and he as to the fact of the suicide. Some of the Jury had been witnesses, in the course of the preceding fortnight, to unequivocal proofs of mental derangement in this lamented gentleman. They had consequently no difficulty in coming to the conclusion they did.

It was proved before the inquest, that about six o'clock Mr. Goldsmid left his house, and coming out of doors he desired the watchman to tie his shoes (his usual custom). He remarked to the watchman it was a fine morning; and after walking a few yards from the house, he returned and went in doors. Mrs. Goldsmid, alarmed by his restlessness through the night, immediately dressed herself, and came down stairs, inquiring of every body she saw if they had seen Mr. Goldsmid? Getting no information from any one, a search was immediately set on foot, and about seven o'clock the house carpenter found him in a water-closet in the wilderness, sitting with his head reclined on his right shoulder, a pistol in his left hand, and apparently dead. A surgeon being sent for, on examining him, found the ball had gone through the brain. The pistol, it appeared, had been put into the mouth of the deceased.

Soon after the Jury had returned their verdict, the body was conveyed to

town, to be placed at the disposal of the Elders of the religious community to which Mr. Goldsmid belonged. Mrs. Goldsmid was to leave Morden yesterday, on a visit to the house of a friend.

Oct. 15. About two o'clock yesterday, Captain Burgh, aid-de-camp to Lord Wellington, arrived with dispatches from his Lordship, containing the particulars of a partial, but a very severe engagement, between the allied army and the French.

The Park and Tower guns were fired on the occasion, and late in the evening the following letter was sent from Lord Liverpool to the Lord Mayor:

'Downing-street, Oct. 14.

'My Lord,

'I have the honor to acquaint your Lordship, that Captain Burgh, aid-de-camp to Lord Wellington, arrived at my office this evening, with the intelligence of the French army, under Marshal Massena, having crossed the Cris on the 25th, in the neighbourhood of San Combados; the advanced guard of the British army retired in consequence, to the position fixed upon on the top of the Sierra de Buzaco, where the whole of the British army were then posted. The enemy were occupied during the 26th in collecting the whole of their army; and at six o'clock in the morning of the 27th, made two desperate attacks on the position of the allied army; the one on the right, the other on the left of the highest point of the Sierra de Buzaco. The attack upon the right was made by the two divisions of the second corps of the French army on that part of the Sierra, occupied by the third division of infantry. One division of French infantry arrived at the top of the ridge, when it was attacked in the most gallant manner by three regiments; two of British, and one of Portuguese, which drove the enemy's division from the advantageous ground they had obtained. The other division of the second corps of the enemy attacked further on the right; but this division was likewise repulsed before it reached the top of the ridge, by a British regiment and a brigade of Portuguese infantry. On the left, the enemy attacked, with three divisions of infantry, of the 6th corps, that part of the Sierra occupied by the light division of British infantry, and by a brigade of Portuguese infantry. One division of infantry only made any progress towards the top of the hill, and they were immediately charged with the bayonet, and driven down with immense loss. The loss sustained by the enemy in his attack of the 27th, has been enormous; the general of division, Merle, and General Mavean, are stated to have been wounded, and General Simon was taken prisoner by the 52d regiment, with three colonels, thirty-three officers, and two hundred and fifty men. The enemy left two thousand killed on the field of battle, and the prisoners and deserters represented the loss in wounded as immense.

'The enemy did not afterwards renew the attack, but moved a large body of infantry and cavalry from the left of his centre to the rear, on the road which leads from Mortago over the mountains towards Oporto. Lord Wellington having reason to believe that the enemy would endeavour to turn the flank of the combined armies by that road, had directed Colonel Traut, with his division of militia, to march to Sardao, but he was unfortunately sent round to Oporto by a general commanding in the north: and, notwithstanding the efforts he made to arrive in time, he did not reach Sardao till the 28th at night, after the enemy was in possession of the ground. As it was probable that in the course of the night of the 28th the enemy would throw his whole army upon that road, Lord Wellington was induced to withdraw from the Sierra de Buzaco, and the whole army, with the exception of the advanced guard, was, on the 30th, on the left of the Mondego.

'Lord Wellington speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of every part of the army, and represents the Portuguese troops as worthy of contending in the same ranks with British troops in the interesting cause which they afford the best hopes of saving. The loss of the British amounts to one major, one captain, two lieutenants, one ensign, and ninety-seven rank and file killed; three lieutenant-colonels, five majors, ten captains, and four hundred and thirty rank and file wounded; and one captain missing. The loss of the Portuguese amounts to four captains, two lieutenants, two subalterns, and eighty-two

rank and file killed; five captains, eighteen subalterns, and four hundred and seventy-eight wounded.

'I have the honor to be,
'My Lord,
'Your Lordship's most obedient
humble Servant,
'LIVERPOOL.
'To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.'

Oct. 19. An unfortunate accident happened on Tuesday at Ramsgate:—As the pier artillery volunteers were firing their 36-pounders in honor of Lord Wellington's recent victory, a young man, of the name of Doughty, (a son of the deputy harbour-master there), had his left hand blown clean off at the wrist, and the bone of his arm so much shattered, as to render immediate amputation necessary higher up the arm, which he suffered accordingly. Another young man, (Thomas Paramor), also by the same explosion, lost two of his fingers, and was otherwise hurt and much scorched. It is said after firing twice, the sponging of the gun was omitted, and the vent not properly stopped; and the gun exploded whilst the above unfortunate persons were in the act of ramming the third cartridge. They were both carpenters employed at the harbour, and are both likely to do well.

A soldier working at the rock in Castle-street, Dundee, on Tuesday morning, had just renewed a charge of gunpowder, after an unsuccessful explosion, and was in the act of laying the train, when the former match, unextinguished, and inadvertently thrown aside, caught some grains of powder leading to the train. An explosion instantly took effect. One of the splinters of stone struck him in the forehead, and felled him to the ground. A considerable portion of the bone was fractured and beat in upon the brain. After the operation of trepanning and raising the depressed portion of bone, the man was much relieved.

Galway, Oct. 4. Monday night last, the greatest take of herrings remembered here for many years, took place at our roads; such was the quantity taken, that at twenty shillings per thousand, it was computed that the fishermen would have received no less than three thousand pounds for the night's fishing; notwithstanding which, they seem to have no inclination to take advantage of what Providence puts in their power; for yesterday evening they entered into a combination for putting a stop to the coasting boats throwing out their nets, at a time, when, we are given to understand, our bay swarms with that useful fish; which having come to the knowlege of Anthony Morris, Esq. commander of the Townsend revenue cruiser, he immediately hastened to arm his boats for the purpose of putting a stop to such unlawful proceedings, and in despite of his utmost vigilance, those deluded people, to the amount of several hundreds, armed with sticks and stones, put off from the shore, for the purpose of opposing him by force: he was compelled to fire several shots in order to disperse them.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 21. At Rossie Castle, North Britain, Mrs. William Elliot, of a daughter.

22. Mrs. Russell, of Harleford-place, Kennington, of a son and a daughter.

26. The lady of Colonel Desborough, of the royal marines, Chatham, of a son.

27. At Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, the lady of Samuel Comyn, Esq. barrister-at-law, of a daughter.

28. Mrs. Farren, of Gower-Street, Bedford-square, of a son.

Oct. 2. At St. Trinian's-house, Catterick, Yorkshire, the lady of Thomas L'Anson, Esq. of twin sons.

6. In Russell-square, the lady of John Harrison, Esq. of a daughter.

At the Grange-house, Kent road, the lady of John Rolls, Esq. of a daughter.

At Holly-hill, Sussex, the lady of Colonel Young, of a daughter.

11. In Park-place, St. James's, Mrs. William Wadd, of a daughter.

16. The lady of F. A. Van Dyck, Esq. of a son.

At his house, Woburn place, Russell-square, the lady of Thomas Whitehurst, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 25. At St. Pancrass church, William Johnson, Esq. an eminent banker, of Stamford, to Charlotte, daughter of Mathew Consett, Esq. of Guildford-street.

At Islington, William Barnfield, Esq.

of John-street, Pentonville, to Mrs. Croft, of Charlton-place, widow of the late Mrs. Francis Croft, of Bartholomew-close, leather-seller.

27. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, by the Rev. W. Bewsher, A. M. W. Fallowfield, Esq. Madras establishment, to Miss Margaret Williamson, of Wandsworth.

Joseph Vantzeller, Esq. of Southampton-row, to Miss Browne, of Bedford-place, Russell-square, third daughter of the late D. Browne, Esq. of Oporto.

Oct. 1. At Wingham Church, Kent, by the Rev. John Tucker, the Rev. John Taddy, of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Miss Catherina, third daughter of Samuel Latham, Esq. of Dover.

Rev. W. F. Bird, to Sarah, only daughter of the late Stephen Hawtrey, Esq. of Exeter.

At Chatham, Lieut. Jeans, R. N. to Miss Eleanor Maddock, daughter of William Maddock, Esq. of Sheerness, Kent.

James Mason, Esq. of Hay Hall, near Birmingham, to Anna Maria, daughter of John Pidcock, Esq. of the Platts, near Stourbridge.

3. At Cheltenham, Richard Sandys, Esq. to Margaret, eldest daughter of George Mac Intosh, Esq. of Charterhouse-square, London.

4. George M. Hoare, Esq. of Morden Lodge, Surry, to Miss Angelina Frances Greene, daughter of James Greene, Esq.

Oct. 8. At Whitechurch, by the Rev. Henry Poole, Charles Greig, Esq. of London, to Rebecca, fourth daughter of Edward Jukes, Esq. of Stone Grove, Herts.

13. At Croydon, Surry, Mr. Rogers, of Foster-lane, to Mary, daughter of the late Thomas Weatherall, Esq. of Croydon.

18. At Putney church, Surry, by the Rev. Richard Yates, B. D. John Winter, jun. Esq. of St. Swithin's-lane, Lombard-street, to Miss Gordon, Esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square, and of Berkhampstead, in the county of Herts.

At St. John's, Hackney, by the Rev. John James Watson, D. D. Mr. William Seamour, of Fenchurch buildings, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. George Adams, of Stamford hill.

DEATHS.

Sept. 22. At her house at Clapham, Mrs. Adams, relict of George Adams, mathematical instrument maker, late of Fleet-street.

24. After a long and lingering illness, Mrs. Aline Siordet, wife of James M. Siordet, Esq. of No. 6, Cadogan-place, aged 47 years.

At his house at Cheshunt, Henry Aspinall, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn.

At Salisbury, Mr. Robert Blake, son of Mr. Blake of Essex-street, in the 23d year of his age.

At his residence, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, Richard Church, Esq. late of the civil service, Bombay.

25. At Exmouth, Devon, Mary, wife of William Robbins, Esq. late of Aberford, in the county of York.

28. At his house at Morden, by his own hands, Mr. Abraham Goldsmid. He put a period to his existence by shooting himself, in consequence of the great fall of *omnium*, he, and the late Sir Francis Baring, being the two contractors for the last loan of 14 millions.

At James Ogle's, Esq. Walthamstow, W. Ward, Esq. of Trinity College, Oxford.

29. At Dulwich, in the 65th year of her age, Mrs. Brown, wife of Edward Brown, Esq.

At Earl Brook house, near Bradford, Yorkshire, Edmund Peckover, Esq. after a few days' illness.

Oct. 1. At his house, in Belmont, Bath, Andrew Girardot, Esq. aged 79.

Mrs. Hill, wife of Mr. Thomas Hill, of Stones'-end, Southwark.

2. At Lymington, Miss Ann Crallan, aged 19, third daughter of the late Mr. Crallan.

6. At Blackheath, William Churchill Lawrie, only son of Peter Lawrie, Esq.

In his 80th year, Mr. R. Morley.

At Islington, Mr. J. Gibson, in the 27th year of his age, formerly of Middleton Teasdale, in the county of Durham.

9. At his house in Walworth, Mr. John Fry, of Birchin-lane.

10. At Sunbury, Miss Theresa Caroline Bishop, aged four years, daughter of Charles Bishop, Esq.

At her daughter's house, Kentish Town, Mrs. Mary Hough, in her 93d year.

11. At Richmond, in Surry, at the advanced age of 91 years, the Rev. John Smith, rector of Ashwicken, with Bergats, in the county of Norfolk, and of Hinderclay, in the county of Suffolk.

15. In George-street, Hanover-square, the wife of Nicholas Hall, Esq. of Brighton.